Commencement 1915

THE ULATIS

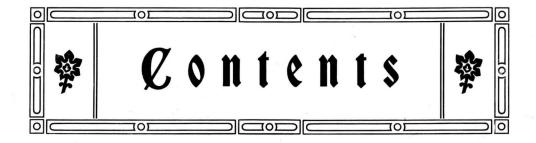


VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

1 9 1 5

Miss Harriet E. Twombly

with appreciation of her untiring efforts in behalf of the school, and of the Senior Class, this issue of The Ulatis is sincerely dedicated.



							Page
Editorial .							5
Class History							11
Class Song							. 12
Mock Address							13
Class Poem							14
Class Will							15
Class Prophecy	у						17
Class Yell							20
LITERARY—							
"A Slack	Wire Murde	r''					21
	Predicament'						25
"The Gard	len" .						27
"Daily Clip	opings From	the F	reshm				29
	of Vaca Val						30
	nd of Genewa						31
	kening"						32
	e Anne and '						34
"McGraf"							35
Sonnet to	the Daisy						37
							38
Student Body I							39
Literary Notes							40
The Music Sec	tion .						41
Parliamentary	Law Notes						41
Old Rocky							42
•							43
Society Notes							47
-							49
							50
							55
Athletics .							56
r - 1							60



THE STAFF

EDITORS

HELENA SCHMIDT, '15

CLEMMIE JANUARY, '15

BUSINESS MANAGERS

HENRY DRESSER, '15

JOHN JANUARY, '16

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Literary JESSIE SIMMONS, '15
Society Notes RUTH FOTHERINGHAM, '16
Alumni ALMA NELSON, '14
Exchanges JOHN JANUARY, '16
Girls' Athletics LUTIE STANFORD, '16
Boys' Athletics STANLEY DOBBINS, '16
Jokes
HAZEL MERCHANT, '15

CLASS REPORTERS

Juniors									. MONA	PALMER,	'16
Sophomores					٠.				SINCLAIR	DOBBINS,	'17
Freshmen					147				LILLIAN	WELDON.	'18

EDITORIAL

"The Ulatis," published annually by the Vacaville High School, is one of the means of bringing the school and the people of the town together. "The Ulatis," better probably than anything else, shows what the school has accomplished for the year. There are many shortcomings, no doubt, but there is also much to be praised.

The Student-Body organization, so long a dream, has come to stay. Under this head the students have done much toward reviving the school spirit and thus "pulling together." A great deal of responsibility is placed upon the members of the school, and this last year has proved that they are capable indeed. The launching of a new project is always the harder part of the task and for this reason a great deal of credit is due Miss Marjory Allen and Miss Twombley, who have worked so hard and unceasingly. Our one hope is that the in-coming classes will realize the responsibility and treat it accordingly.

The Domestic Science Department, so lately installed in our school, has proved a success. A cafeteria, started during the last semester, has been a great help to the classes, as well as valuable to those who bring their lunches, as it insures a good warm lunch. The dinner for the basketball teams, given by Mr. Weller, and which was certainly a success, was prepared by the cooking classes, although not in their regular line of work.

The sewing classes, although their work is not so much before the school as that of the cooking classes, are also doing their amount of work.

There are, at present, two classes in each department, first and second year. The work, carried along the same lines, makes it possible for the classes to work, in some measure, together.

There is but one fault, if it may be called a fault, in the arrangement. The first year class is obliged to work one period after school, owing to the amount of work necessary. It is hoped, however, that this in time will find a remedy.

Last, but not least, the staff wishes to thank those who, with little thought of self, gave so ungrudgingly to "The Ulatis," that it might be all that a school paper should be.

-From the Editor's Armchair.



Senior



HENRY DRESSER

Nickname—"Heine."
Hobby—"Glyding."
Favorite Expression—"I don't know."
Appearance—Iridescent.
Destination—Phillips.

CLEMENTINA JANUARY

Nickname—"Clem."
Hobby—"Crystallizing."
Favorite Expression—"Ish kowobble."
Appearance—Dashing.
Destination—Red Cross Hospital.

MARJORY ALLEN
Nickname—"Midge."
Hobby—Carrying a Dictionary.
Favorite Expression—"O, I'm SO flustrated."
Appearance—Humorous.
Destination—"Kaiser's Palace."



MILDRED JOHNSON

Nickname—"Milly."
Hobby—Curling her hair.
Favorite Expression—"Now, quit!"
Appearance—Profound.
Destination—Home.

KYRLE NEWPORT

Nickname—"Lemon Drops."

Hobby—Raising a rough house.
Favorite Expression—"O, dear, I suppose so!"

Appearance—Flamboyant.
Destination—Lodge.

HELENA SCHMIDT

Nickname—"Dutch."
Hobby—Whistling.
Favorite Expression—"For the love of Mike!"
Appearance—Impressive.
Destination—Rocky.



HAZEL MERCHANT

Nickname—"Merch."
Hobby—Studying Physics.
Favorite Expression—"O, say,
Henry——."
Appearance—Arch.
Destination—Choir practice.

ELENA WAGGONER

Nickname—"Wag."
Hobby—Going to the movies.
Favorite Expression—"Gee! That Man
makes me mad."
Appearance—Doubtful.
Destination—??

JESSIE SIMMONS

Nickname—"Jet."
Hobby—Traveling.
Favorite Expression—"Uh-uh!"
Appearance—Rare.
Destination—Przemysl.



JESSIE COULTER

Nickname—"Coaltar."
Hobby—Rolling her eyes.
Favorite Expression—"Do I look all right?"
Appearance—Flippant.
Destination—Sing! Sing!

DOROTHY NICOL

Nickname—"Dot."
Hobby—Ragging.
Favorite Expression—"I should rag!"
Appearance—Raggy.
Destination—Ragville.

RUTH DALLY

Nickname—"Dally."
Hobby—Powdering.
Favorite Expression—"Doesn't that look nice?"
Appearance—Leisurely.
Destination—Dixon.

CLASS HISTORY

One bright September morning four years ago we assailed the Vacaville High School, that mighty fortress of knowledge. Our first attack was carried on with fear and trembling, owing to the fact that it was our very first battle. The first ten months were months of hardship, but slowly and steadily we gained ground and kept the enemy in front of us. In vain the other forces tried to rout us, but owing to the fact that we were a large and lively army their attacks, one after another, failed.

For several months the fortress lay undisturbed, but the following September we renewed our efforts with vigor. One night while our camp lay asleep the enemy stealthily entered and tried to capture our flag. Our scouts, brave and true to our colors, rallied bravely and repelled the invasion. Day and night for several weeks the battle waged furiously, and we, the Fifteenth Regiment, came out victorious; our colors flying in the breeze, their colors dragging in the dust. One dark, cold night a group of our bravest men, boldly facing the enemy's fire, emblazoned our mighty colors and the sign of our regiment on the very fortress itself—there to stand as a symbol of our valor. We were now forced to delay hostilities for several months on account of severe weather, while the enemy still reigned supreme in the fortress.

The next fall, under the most able command of our Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, Henry Dresser, we laid our plans very carefully for a campaign the following winter. Slowly and surely we surrounded the fort and cut off the supplies of the enemy. For ten long months we kept up the effective blockade and at the end of that time, June 13, 1914, the few survivors surrendered the fort.

During the three long years of the siege we lost many of our strongest men. It is true that our army had dwindled to a mere remnant of its former strength, but the maneuvers were carried on with such strategy that the enemy believed us to be thousands strong.

At last, after three years of struggling, hardships and privations, we, the Fifteenth Regiment of the Vacaville Union High School, reigned supreme, and our banner of blue and white floated proudly over the old fortress. Under the rule of the Fifteenth Regiment, the forces of the military camp were united and organized under the most able leader, Miss Marjory Allen. After our long period of hardship it seemed most fitting that we should spend our furlough in having "one good time." We did this to the best of our ability, ending by being put into the guard-house and later courtmartialed. This last stand of the enemy, however, proved as un-

successful as the rest of their attacks, and we were acquitted amidst great applause.

And now all is peace in the military camp. Since we have established the camp on a good strong basis and there remains nothing that is worthy of our undertaking we, the Fifteenth Regiment of the Vacaville Union High School, leave this fortress as a military training camp to those of less ability, while we depart to broader fields.

Mildred Johnson, '15. Kyrle Newport, '15.



CLASS SONG

(Air: "Her Name Is Rose.")

We're a class twelve strong, Full of life, full of song. Our numbers are few,

But our spirit is new In our happy throng. How the years did glide

As we worked side by side;
We've studied and played,
And four years have we stayed,
And no longer abide.

There's Geometry
Where we all had to be,
And Latin and Physics,
German, Chemistry, Civics,

And History. We will think of them still As we're leaving the hill,

And we'll think with a sigh Of our school, and each tie In dear Vacaville.

Colors white and blue, Show we're brave, show we're true.

We're proud to belong
To a high school so strong

And we're proud of you. Nineteen fifteen sings, As she bids you farewell

We wish you long life, Full of joy, free from strife, So, all hail! Vacaville!

—Jessie Simmons, '15.

Mock Address

Hypocrites, Dragons and Fellow Boneheads, If you have tears prepare to shed them now; The President hath bid you welcome, We did not wish it so, 'twas a grievous fault And grievously we are answering it. Here under leave of faculty and others Come I to speak at Senior's funeral. You all remember us as Freshmen green, So let it be with every Freshman; The brutal Sophomores have said we were outrageous, If it were so, it were a glorious fault And gloriously are we answering for it. The Juniors have said that we were grafters, But surely they are dishonorable crabs. You all have seen our queenly smiles Which we for 1's did give our teachers. Did this in Seniors seem ambitious? When that our cards have reeked with 4's Have we worked less hard in breathing imprecations upon teachers' heads?

Yet the Juniors have said that we were grafters, And surely they are atrocious prevaricators. When that we have tried to reason with them Have they not thrice refused to listen to our pleas? O, judgment! thou dids't flee from teachers' breasts And we did lose our reason; Bear with me, my heart is filled with sorrow

And I must pause till it come back to me. You all do know our trials;

There is not a Senior who has not shed drops of blood In grafting, wheedling, conjuring what?—Teachers. Look, thro poor Jessie ran the dark-eyed demon's dagger;

See what a wreck the red-haired genius made, Thro Dot the much-peeved plump one stabbed, And, as she plucked her butcher knife away Mark how the wrath of Seniors followed it, As rushing out of doors we all resolved Tho teachers so unkindly flunked; that we Would stand united 'Gainst this heartless foe. Judge! Oh ye Gods, how holy was our wrath; For on the head of our one boy Came rumors of outrageous "ragging." This was the most unkind cut of all For when the noble Seniors received this wound Ingratitude, more strong than Junior's slams, Quite vanquished them; then burst their mighty hearts.

Oh, what a calamity there would have been If I, and you, and all of us had flunked, Whilst cruel teachers flourished over us. Oh, now you weep and I perceive you feel Sorrow for your deeds. These are gracious drops. Cruel despots, what weep you when you but behold Your plans so thwarted? Listen here, we are sure we Know it all, and you can teach us nothing more.

This has been a weightly speech—I have had much to say. Was not my "Introduction" noble? Could anything have been more wonderful than my "Main Discourse"? A Burke; a Webster might be proud of this. I think, however, that I "am finished"—In fact, I'm sure of it. But stay—has not some worthy person said: "Go straight to the shore and land, but make the landing strong"? I dare not stop without a "Conclusion."

Ye Gods, what shall I say—our brains, our hearts, our thoughts are filled with but one thought: Free! Free! Did not the great Columbus say, while traveling o'er seas of History:

"Why you shall say at break of day Sail on, sail on, sail on, and on."

Ah! Hypocrites, Dragons and Fellow Boneheads, we on this day which spells history to us, and on which we are at last free from your daggers, wrath and outrageous rumors,

Why we shall say at break of day We're free, we're free and free we stay.

-Clemmie January, '15.



CLASS POEM.

Four long years we have lain in the harbor, Carefully sheltered from tempest and storm, Carefully guided from reefs that were treacherous, Carefully watched and kept from all harm.

Four happy years we have worked in the sunshine Storing up strength and knowledge with joy, Loading our crafts with memory and patience Which neither the storms nor waves can destroy.

Four glad years of sweet preparation, then Joyfully facing our barque to the gale, With the Anchor of Hope in the bow of the vessel O'er life's broad sea, forth gladly we sail.

—H. A. S., '15.

Class Will.

We, the Class of 1915, of the City of Vacaville and County of Solano, in the State of Intoxication, in the year of our Lord One Thonsand Nine Hundred and Fifteen, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and not acting under duress, menace, fraud or undue influence of any person whatever, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

First: We direct that our bodies be cremated, with all necessary extravagance, and that our ashes be put in a gold casket and consigned to the garbage barrel.

Second: We direct that our executors, hereinafter named, as soon as they have sufficient funds in hand to pay the expenses of the bakery, the costs of our last sickness and four dollars we owe Mr. Manuel for vodka; that is, provided they cannot beat the accounts—in that event they are to pocket the scads and remain virtuous.

Third: We give and bequeath to Miss Twombley nine hundred and ninety-nine boxes of Haas' choicest candy. We give and bequeath to Miss Helmer a pair of "Seven League" shoes so that she may keep up with Miss Twombley, and to Miss Campbell we bequeath the original dog, provided she will swear to keep it well fed.

All these several sums we direct to be paid to the respective legatees out of the profits from our cast-off text books and other personal real estate, after first paying the grocer as little as he will stand for.

Fourth: We give and devise to Miss Jewett that certain lot on Milpitas, described as being the fourth lot south of the Morgue, fronting on Eucalyptus avenue.

Fifth: We give and devise the rest, residue and remainder of our said estate to Mr. Weller. There being no remainder, he saves taxes.

Sixth: To the Juniors we give and bequeath our good habits, traits of character and superior intelligence. (Provided they can be found.)

Seventh: To the Sophomores we bequeath our good will and nothing more, as they are so highly endowed with wisdom that they do not need our advice..

Eighth: To the Freshmen we leave the price to purchase a "Ford" truck in which to carry their bouquets to the teachers.

Ninth: Section 1. I, Marjory Allen, give and bequeath to Verna Stottlemeyer my unlimited vocabulary with the understanding that she keep it in continuous use.

Section 2. I, Mildred Johnson, give and bequeath to Madeline Kowanda my curling iron, provided that she does not neglect to use it; and to Elizabeth Calkins I leave a new style of coiffure.

Section 3. I, Henry Dresser, give and bequeath to Elgan Patten my redeeming feature of gaining the teacher's good will.

Section 4. We, Clemmie January and Dottie Nicol, will our class-spirit in Domestic Science to anyone in next year's class wishing a 1 ? ? ?

Section 5. We, Jessie Simmons and Elena Waggoner, bequeath our angelic disposition and dignity to Alethea Attkisson.

Section 6. I, Kyrle Newport, give and bequeath to some unfortunate one in next year's History IV class my privilege of staying home on special topic days.

Section 7. I, Ruth Dally, bequeath some of my height to Lutie Stanford.

Section 8. I, Helena Schmidt, bequeath to Jack Renie my artistic ability, and to John January I leave my whistle.

Section 9. I, Jessie Coulter, bequeath to Norman Alexander my position as pianist, and to Miss Twombley I return all my knowledge of Geometry.

Section 10. I, Clemmie January, bequeath to Miss Helmer all right to raise Cotton.

Tenth: To Mr. Burke we bequeath anything that may have been left out, so that he may be able to make a good blaze in the furnace.

Eleventh: Lastly, we nominate and appoint Mr. Stoddard and our before mentioned Mr. Weller executors of this our last Will and Testament, to serve without bonds, and hereby revoke all former wills by us made.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this tenth day of May, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Fifteen.

Signed—

[SEAL]

DOROTHY ELIZABETH NICOL, HENRY DRESSER, Class President.

The foregoing instrument was at date hereof, by the said saintly Father and Sister signed, sealed and published as, and dedicated to be, the last Will and Testament of the illustrious and amiable Class of 1915, in the presence of us, who at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto.

ICHABOD CRANE,

Residing at Sleepy Hollow.

JULIUS CÆSAR,

Residing two feet due west of the center of the middle of Ulatis Creek.



Class Prophecy.

Some eight or nine years ago, how well I remember the day, I graduated from the Vacaville High. I can still see the stage in the old Annex, where we sat with fluttering hearts and quaking knees, staring over the heads of the people in front and below us.

Only eight or nine year ago; and yet so many things have happened that it seems ages and ages since we, as the illustrious class of 1915, met for the last time.

Those years so full of bustle and hurry, have crowded in so fast that my old schoolmates had faded to mere shadows in the dim distance. Often as I sat with palette and brush I dreamed of my old friends and what they were doing, but it was not until a short time ago that I decided to hunt them up for old-times sake.

First, for honor was due him as the only boy of the class, came Henry Dresser. I boarded the train for Woodland, scarcely expecting to find him there, for he was so full of ambition and political aspirations that I knew absolutely Woodland was too small to hold him. But Woodland was the last place I had heard from him, so, bag and baggage, I started for Woodland.

Once in Woodland, I hired a jitney and started for Dresser's ranch. Long and loud I knocked at the front door, but to no avail. To the back of the house I went, but it also was closed. Down between some prune trees I saw a man plowing, and hoping for information I started in that direction.

That form seemed familiar, as did the voice as it called to the horses. Stopping to rest his team beneath a tree I finally came up to him and in as pleasant a tone as I could manage, for I was disappointed at finding no clue, I said:

"Good morning, could you tell me where the Dressers live?"

He looked at me closely and then,

"Why, Dutch, where'd you hail from?"

How often we had spoken of Henry as "gliding" through life and there he was trudging after the plow.

I asked him concerning the others, but with the exception of the whereabouts of Kyrle Newport, he knew nothing. Strange how "birds of a feather flock together," but, then, people with "auburn" hair always were a puzzle to me.

Kyrle was a nurse in the Dale Hospital in San Francisco, so once more I faced the southward. When I arrived, however, it was noon, and being dreadfully hungry I entered the St. Francis hotel. Busy with the beauty and peace of the place, I scarcely noticed the waitress, but on

glancing in her direction I observed that she was studying me closely. At last, overcome with curiosity, she accosted me:

"Were you ever in Vacaville?"

I looked at her closely, but only nodded.

"Didn't you go to school there, to High?" was her second question.

Again I nodded in a dazed way.

"And don't you remember me? I, who shared your troubles and stood side by side with you through English tortures?"

Then I recognized Jessie Simmons, of all people.

The next morning, under Jessie's directions, I invaded the Dale Hospital in search of Kyrle.

"No," said the nurse at the door, "you cannot see Miss Newport, for she is busy at the operating table. She will be free in an hour, perhaps. You may wait here," and she disappeared down the hall.

Another nurse soon came in and I questioned her as to where the operating room was. After her departure, I started down the hall. At room 93, the operating room, I paused and waited for a long time. Then turning the knob I gently pushed the door open and softly entered.

The thought of that quiet room, in which four white figures were moving silently as ghosts about a still white form on the table, still makes me shiver. I could scarcely believe my senses, for they were Dot Nicol, Clem January, Mildred Johnson and Kyrle Newport. Dot Nicol, with the title of "Doctor," stood over the white form on the table with her operating material, while Mildred Johnson, head nurse of the institution, was giving orders.

"Well, it's over," said Clem, and straightening up they espied me. Such welcomes and greetings, hugs and kisses, smiles amid tears; but, alas! all good things must end.

That evening the five of us, to pass time, attended a lecture on Japan. The notice read as follows:

JAPAN, THE BEAUTIFUL

and

Our Splendid Missionary Work There. By a Famous Missionary Just Returned, etc.

Think of our astonishment when the missionary was introduced as Miss Hazel Merchant. Yes, it was only too true, she had given up worldly pleasures to benefit the less fortunate people of the Far East.

Weeks passed, and still I obtained no clue as to the whereabouts of the others. I had almost given up hope while drearily tramping the streets of San Francisco, when I passed a detective agency. Suddenly a thought struck me and I entered. I began telling my troubles and giving the names when I heard some one at my elbow, and upon turning around I came face to face with Mr. Leland Turner, a broad smile upon his face.

"I believe I can give you some information concerning the last person named," he said quietly.

That evening I mused over the idea for a long time. Probably he was right and so the next morning I bought a ticket for Chicago.

Not being in any great hurry I decided to travel through the south by the way of El Paso. It was in the spring and the rolling plains of Texas, dotted here and there with grazing cattle, seemed to call to me. So at the little, dusty, lifeless-looking town of Sunset I stepped from the train.

After the train pulled out I felt forsaken indeed, as with down-cast spirits I started for the nearest cabin to inquire for lodging.

"Well," said a neat little woman, "there's a ranch about five miles up, where you can stay, I reckon. I'll call Jack an' he can take you up there." I thanked here and waited for Jack, who came in a very short time.

I have a habit of arriving at a place when almost famished, and this proved no exception. After tipping Jack, I ascended the steps and knocked at the front door. A woman in a large gingham apron asked me in. In a few words I told my story—ending it with a few hints that I was very hungry.

"Our cook," she explained, "has been rather unruly lately, but probably she can be induced to prepare something. Will you come to the kitchen?"

Gladly I followed her. There on the table, a pot in her hand, sat the cook, Miss Marjory Allen.

"My mind you have amated, and amazed my sight,

I think, but dare not speak," said she,

and so it was with me.

After a stay of a happy week I again proceeded on my way to Chicago. The train rushed forward, but far ahead of it raced my thoughts. Where was Ruth Dally? Elena Waggoner? What was Jessie Coulter doing? St. Louis was reached and still the problem had not been solved. At the great city of the plains I decided to rest for a few days.

That afternoon, while walking in the park, I saw a large crowd of people gathering, and being naturally curious I hastened to the spot of action, where I found the "Great Western Photo Company" taking pictures for the movies. I stood rooted to the spot, for before me stood Ruth Dally in the act of firing at a man who had been following her. Before I could call to her or reach her she disappeared in the company's auto, and though I searched the city over I never saw her again.

By the time I reached Chicago I was rather disheartened. Turner had told me that Jessie Coulter was in Chicago, but my search in that city revealed absolutely nothing. Day after day, from morning till night, I walked the streets, visited detective agencies, watched the papers, growing

all the while more disheartened. At last I gave up hope and made plans to go to New York on the following day.

That evening passed so slowly that I decided to go to the opera. Imagine my utter astonishment when Miss Jessie Coulter, my old school mate, was introduced as Mlle. Marchesi, the great French singer.

The following week Jessie and I, for although she was a great singer she was still Jessie Coulter to me, started for New York. One afternoon while shopping in the great city, we stood close to a nice-looking, rather tall woman who was buying endless yards of black material. She turned toward us and seeing Jessie grasped her by the hand.

"Why, hello, Coulter," she cried.

Jessie and I looked at her with amazement.

"Why, Schmidt, you of all people—here in New York?"

Then I recognized Elena Waggoner.

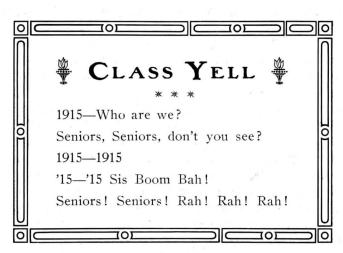
At the earliest moment I asked her why she was in New York, and for what purpose was the black material?

Elena always was a most modest and quiet sort of person, but by degrees we learned that the material was for a new gown, which she said she sadly needed. You see, she was Miss Elena Waggoner, Ph. D., of the State University of New York.

Little did we dream, as we stood on the platform of the Annex so long ago what tricks Fate would play us, or over what rough and stony roads we should be led. Although some of us have not reached the heights to which we aspired, we have much to be thankful for, and our redeeming features are still in evidence.

-Helena A. Schmidt, '15.







A Slack Wire Murder.

(A Craig Kennedy Story)

De Bare, whom I had not seen for years, and I sat talking in his room in the back of a house on Union street in New Orleans. It was a large room intended for a parlor. Flasks, retorts and vials filled numerous shelves. A large chemical case stood in one corner of the room, and a microscope, which stood on a table, showed signs of recent use.

"Well, De Bare," I said, "you have made quite a name for yourself since I saw you last. I even heard you mentioned while I was traveling in Spain."

"I am given credit for being clever at my work," said De Bare, "but I don't think I deserve international fame. Sorry, I haven't an interesting case on hand so you could be repaid for your long trip to see me."

The conversation was interrupted by the sharp ringing of a telephone. De Bare went into the next room to answer it.

"Here's something that looks interesting," he said when he came back. "The three-year-old daughter of a rich woman who lives near Lake-ville died mysteriously Monday night. The police suspect murder, but they can't find a single clue. The chief of police of Rockland promises to meet us at the house at eight, so I will go for the car and will meet you in fifteen minutes.

That evening, a little after eight o'clock, De Bare and I drew up in front of a large country mansion. It was set back from the road at the end of a long lane, which was bordered by large walnut trees. The grounds around the house were well kept, everything showing the influence of wealth. While large the house was simply built, having none of those domes and turrets of large country mansions. The only projections on the front of the house were two large porches, one over the other. At one side of the top porch the telephone and light wires entered the building.

The chief met us at the end of the walk leading to the house. "It is a very mysterious case," he said. "There is nothing to point to any crime, but you cannot convince yourself that one was not committed. Come into the house and you may see for yourself."

The chief showed us into a large bedroom in front of the house on

the second floor. The furniture was evidently built for a child, and there were thick carpets on the floor. On the bed near the window lay a little child.

"She died last night," said the chief. "There is absolutely no evidence that points to murder. She was in fine health when put to bed by her nurse. Her mother came in at eight o'clock to bid her good night and at that time she was alive and well. The child has never had any serious sickness in its life. The doctor examined the body and said that she was in the finest of health. There is no trace of poison. Nothing has been disturbed. The child lies where she was lying when asleep."

"Where is her mother?" asked De Bare.

"She is insane with grief," said the chief, "and must not be disturbed."

De Bare walked over to the body and examined it closely. "I can see nothing," he said, "that points to murder. We will be back in the morning to look over the surroundings, and above all allow no one to touch the body until I return. Come," he said to me, "we must be up early in the morning."

But there was little sleep for us that night. On arriving home, De Bare took down a scrap book from a case and read for at least an hour. He then selected flasks and retorts from those on the shelves. In an hour he had made a greenish liquid. I grew curious and began asking questions, but the only answer I received was that he wouldn't go to bed that night, as he had to finish the liquid. The processes which it had to be put through would take hours, so I sat up and watched him. After being put through many processes, the liquid was reduced from about a pint to a gill. Small pieces of blue tissue paper were placed in it and allowed to soak for about fifteen minutes. Then the paper was taken out and carefully dried. When De Bare had finished, it was three in the morning, so we slept until six.

Snatching a few bites to eat we hurried at once to the scene of the mystery. On entering the house we were met by the chief. He watched De Bare with wonder as he took one of the precious pieces of paper from a box and placed it on the child's lips. After about three minutes of patient watching De Bare took the paper away. There were several brown spots on it.

"Chief," said De Bare briefly, "you can book this as a murder."

De Bare walked to the window which was near the porch, opened it with considerable difficulty, leaned out and looked over the grounds.

"There is not a footstep to be found," said the chief, noting his actions. "Every foot of ground has been searched."

"Come outside, Jim," he said to me, "and we will do a little looking ourselves."

I followed him downstairs and out to the front of the house. We examined the flower beds under the child's window very closely. At last he rose and said, "We will have to go to Lakeville."

On arriving there we went to the court house, where De Bare obtained a John Doe warrant.

"Now," he said, "you will have to stay with the car until I go to the two hotels."

After two hours of patient waiting on my part, De Bare returned with a smile on his face.

"Our man is in the town jail," he explained. "I didn't try to get a confession from him, but I think we will get it tomorrow. In the meantime I think we had better go home and get some sleep."

* * * * * * *

The next morning about eleven o'clock we drove up in front of the town jail. We were shown in by a guard, who led us down a long corridor, at the end of which he stopped. He then opened the door of a cell and let us in.

A small, heavily-built man, about thirty years of age was sitting in one corner of the cell.

"I have come for your confession of the murder," said De Bare.

"You police can't bluff me," returned the man. "You're up against a wall and seeing I am a stranger in town, and knowing I haven't any money you're trying to put it over on me. But you can't do it, because you haven't anything on me."

"Maybe we haven't anything on you," answered De Bare, "but just as a hint I can tell you that you walk the slack wire exceedingly well. I can also tell you where you bought the phosphorus and can produce the man that sold it to you."

The prisoner turned pale. He sat motionless as if paralyzed by fear. "My God," he said, "do you really know?"

"I do," said De Bare quietly. "If you will confess without putting the county to the expense of a trial, it will be easier for you."

"I will," said the man, "if you can promise what you said last."

"Agreed," said De Bare. "Now tell us your story."

The prisoner began slowly, as if trying to recall facts that were faint in his memory. "Six years ago, Florence, the mother of the child, and I were members of a circus. She was a trapeze performer, and I worked on the slack wire. She was a beautiful woman and, needless to say, I fell in love with her. She favored me and we had set the wedding day. We intended to leave the hard, rough life of the circus, and I would be a mechanic.

About this time the circus came into this very town. By accident Florence met the man who is now her husband. He is very rich and his motor car and wealth completely turned Florence's head. When the circus moved he came to the next town to see her. I spoke to her about it, but she became angry and told me she would not become my wife on account of my poverty. The next day she was married to this man. I was very angry and swore vengeance for being trifled with in such a manner.

I thought for nights of killing her husband, but this would give all his property to her, a thing which I did not want to see. Finding no way of revenge I went away with the circus.

The day before yesterday, while beating my way south, Fate threw me off at this turn. While coming up Main street, I saw her coming down the street in a large car. My hate toward her was revived. Hearing that she had a small child whom she loved greatly, I made up my mind to kill it. I thought of violence at first, but later hit upon the white phosphorus plan. I had heard that it was very difficult to detect this poison, so I decided to use it.

The next day, when I went to her home and looked over the grounds, I noticed that an electric light wire entered the house under an upper window. It was very well braced, owing to the high winds of this country, I guess. It occurred to me that this would be an excellent way of entering the house. I next obtained a job so as to have some reason for staying in town, and in order to have some money to buy the poison.

One dark night, about a week ago, I walked the wire into the house. I used a long pole to balance myself as the wire swung a great deal and I was out of practice. After reaching the house I raised the window, which took all of my strength, and turned my electric torch on the room. To my surprise the child lay asleep in front of me. I hesitated to do the crime for a few minutes, but my anger at my slighted love got the better of my reason, and I placed the fatal grain of poison on the child's lips. It is needless to tell how I left the house and returned to town. That is all of my story. I am ready to accept the punishment that the state will give me."

"Thank you," said De Bare to the man, "I will do what I promised about your sentence."

"Come, Jim," he said to me, "we will get home now."

"I wish you would clear up the case for me," I said to De Bare when we arrived home.

"I can do that in a few minutes, if you will give me your close attention," said De Bare. "When I first entered the room I was rather surprised at the unusual circumstances. Doctors had examined the body and found no traces of poison. I first suspected natural death, but upon looking at the hands of the child I saw that they were clenched, as if she had died with great pain. Now I have handled many poison cases, and so I immediately suspected phosphorus, for that kills quickly and gives the victim no time to cry out. If the child had died slowly, she would have called for help. To find if poison were used I made the papers which you saw me use. These proved the use of phosphorus.

The next thing to find out was how the murderer entered the house. Now, he couldn't have entered by any of the windows, because his tracks would have been discovered. There were two things left then to think of. Some one in the house must have done it or else the murderer came into the house over the electric light wire. This would mean that the man must be a slack-rope walker.

Another thing that made me think the wire was used as an entrance was a slight jab in the flower bed under the child's window. This was

where a balancing pole was left standing while the murderer opened the window.

The opening of the window was a very difficult thing to accomplish, because it had to be done quietly. The man must have been very strong, because it took all my strength to open it from the inside. It would be a much harder thing to do from the outside, as there is hardly any place to obtain a hold. Now, I admit there is not much to work from except that the man is of a heavy build and is a slack-rope walker. Evidently the man is a stranger, for there is not one slack-rope walker in a small town like Lakeville. I knew the man was in town, for anyone could see the deed was done for revenge. Half of revenge consists in watching the effects of the deed.

Now, in a small town like Lakeville, there are not many men, perhaps not more than two in a month that come into town and stay and work for any length of time.

About four o'clock, as you know, I went to the cheaper hotel in town, and for a little cash got the names and descriptions of the new arrivals in town during the last few days. There were two men that had come about the same time. One of them was a short, heavy-built man. From his description I knew he was the man I wanted. I waited for him to return from work and then arrested him.

He maintained his ignorance at first, but I knew if I gave him a few hints as to how he killed the child he would confess. I gave him the two hints which you undoubtedly remember. The first was a fact, but the second was a bluff. The latter statement took effect on him and made him confess, as he tho't I knew all the facts about the murder."

De Bare yawned, "I am going to take a nap," he said sleepily.

-Elgan Patten, '16.

Matty's Predicament.

Clarissa Dunn, her hands covered with dough, answered with an impatient "Come in," to the persistent knocking at the back door. She was a middle-aged woman of medium height, but her thin lips, pressed into a hard, set line, her dark, piercing eyes, and transparent skin made her look years older than she really was. Her straight, black hair was brushed into a tight knot at the back.

The door opened slowly, and a woman of about Clarissa's age entered.

"Why, howdee do, Matty, we'll go in the parlor as soon as I git my bread in the oven."

The room into which Clarissa ushered her visitor was a typical New England parlor, large and spacious, and free from dirt, as most New England rooms are. It was furnished with the usual hair-cloth furniture, which was nearly new. In the center of the room was a marble-topped table with many bright worsted mats on it.

Clarissa drew out a large, comfortable chair, bidding her visitor to make herself at home.

"Why, Matty, dear, what has become of your curls?" she exclaimed as her visitor removed her wraps.

"Oh! Clarissa, Clarissa! I'm-I'm disgraced ferever, and made the laughin' stock of the hull town," wailed the visitor..

"Do tell," said her hostess, settling herself back in a comfortable chair.

"I'll tell you all 'bout it, if you have patience, but you never had none. Well, it all began with the boarder—he's got an atrocious name—Felix Caleb. Well, he come 'bout two months ago, and do you know that ever since he took the room—the nice, cozy room, you know—the one that has red geranium wallpaper—that most mysterious letters and bundles have arrived. Well (Matty always began her speeches with well) well, one day he says ter me, says he, 'Mrs. Dagget, the expressman is goin' to bring a trunk up this arternoon; will you be here to let him in?'

"Yes, says I, I'm going ter be home this arternoon, for when he told me a trunk was to be there I gets suspicious an' determines to find out the meaning of all these packages and other things.

"'Oh! by the way, I'm goin' ter bring a friend here this evenin',' says he and out he goes.

"Well, 'bout three the man brings the trunk, and puts it near the window. I went in to dust the room and put it in order, and while I was dusting I got ter thinkin' about the trunk, the more I thought the more I wanted to see what was in it. I thought maybe there's a bomb in it, and he's going to kill somebody; so I tried the lid, and, finding it unlocked, I opened it, and there in plain sight was books, and flags, and, on top of them all, was a skull. He's a murderer, says I, and jist then I hears 'em comin', so I jumps back quick like, leavin' my curls, my beautiful curls, in the trunk.

"'Mrs. Dagget,' says he, 'this is my friend, Mr. Graham, whom I met at college where I was taking a medical course. This is clean enough, Mrs. Dagget.' Now, turnin' ter his friend, 'I'll get the skull, and show you what I discovered.' So out I goes, leaving my beautiful curls in the trunk. I'll never get another pair like 'em, for I got 'em at a sale for only forty-eight cents.

"When I gits down stairs I 'members I got ter go to Miss Midas' fer supper, so I goes ter get reaedy. I does my hair in a new way so it won't look so bad without my curls.

"When I gets there, if there ain't the new minister, and Mrs. Jonas, who always that I wore false hair, and has almost said so sometimes.

"'Why, howdee do, Mrs. Dagget, ain't yer done yer hair a new way, or did yer leave yer curls ter home?' says Mrs. Jonas, right before the new minister and Miss Midas."

"Do tell," said Clarissa, who had become so interested in her visitor's tale that she had forgotten her bread in the oven.

"'I never did wear hair that warn't my own,' says I, and then we sets down ter eat.

"While we're eating, in comes Mr. Caleb and his friend, and what do you think! He holds up before us all my—my beautiful curls.

"'Mrs. Dagget,' says he, 'I got a telegram ter day saying ter come home at once, and while packin' my trunk I found these (here he held my curls aloft), and I want to thank you so much for the little remembrance. I appreciate your thoughtfulness very much,' and then he puts them in his pocket and walks out. Oh! Clarissa, he said it right before the new minister and Mrs. Jonas, and it will be all over town," wailed Matty, and then, suddenly forgetting her grief, she sniffed the air and then exclaimed, "What's that I smell burning?"

"My bread, my bread," shrieked Clarissa, running out to the kitchen to rescue her blackened loaf from the oven.

—Gertrude Adsit, '18.

The Garden.

Once upon a time, far back in the dim, misty days of long ago, there lived a great Ruler. Like all kings, he was ever eager for new worlds to conquer, and he knew no rest till he had made his own all the country round about.

Passing a ruined castle in a newly-conquered city, where his victorious soldiers were pillaging, he chanced to see the flutter of a woman's garment from behind a fallen pillar. Retracing his steps the Ruler found a frightened maiden who sought to hide from the soldiers. Touched by her innocence and helplessness, he led her to his own house, where, for the sake of her loveliness and sweetness of spirit, he made her his queen.

The grim castle to which the Ruler brought his young queen stood in a desolate plain, but for her pleasure he had ordered made a quiet, walled garden, in which she might wander far from the turmoil of the world from which she had so lately come. She was quite happy; the peace and rest seemed very sweet, and she had no cares to vex her. Yet she had no very keen desire to live, and one day she quite contentedly said good-bye to her garden forever, and slipped away, leaving a little daughter to take her place in the Ruler's heart. Tenderly he watched over the child, rejoicing to see that, unlike her mother, she was full of the joy of living.

The years passed happily, while the little Princess played among the roses in the stately garden, and sang, and grew, and wondered.

It was a strange old garden; mysterious and lovely, with open stretches where the sun shone and flowers bloomed, and dark glades where the breeze whispered eerily. A little stream gurgled noisily through a bit of meadow, splashing at last into a quiet pool, where the sunlight, falling through the trees, flickered on the sandy bottom and on the gold fish dart-

ing like vivid flashes of flame among the rocks. A little path, well-worn by the busy feet of the Princess, led from the water to the flower garden, with its stately walks bordered by a low hedge of box, over which a shower of fragrant petals from the rose garden beyond, fluttered with each puff of wind. Brooding over all was the intense silence of the plain, and the peace of solitude.

"I love it," mused the Princess, as she sat one evening with her father beside the fountain. "Yes, I love it very dearly—the roses and the gold fish and the shadows on the water. Only," she added, impulsively, "I wish that all the paths did not end at the garden wall! I wonder why they do. Sometimes I forget and run against the hard stones; see how I bruised my arm so only today." But the Ruler only smiled.

"If the stone wall bruise thee thou must not run against it," he answered caressingly. "Stay with thy roses and be content, little one."

Time passed; a great war wasted the country. In her peaceful garden the Princess heard strange, distant sounds—and wondered. Sometimes in the evening when the world was very still she heard without the walls low, piteous sounds, which she could not understand. It was the wailing of desolate women. At night the heavens glowed with the great fires which filled the air with cinders and blackened the roses in the garden.

One morning the Princess awoke to find her garden .devastated Rough men had rushed in and trampled down her flowers. .The paths which she had so often followed no longer ended at the great, grey walls now leveled to earth. The Princess stepped over the ruins, and frightened, yet eager, left her garden.

Instantly she became one of the multitude thronging by, and with them she toiled on, sharing their joys and sorrows. She saw death and sin for the first time in her life—she passed through many bitter experiences and trials of which she had never even dreamed in her cloistered, rose-scented garden—and daily learned hard lessons of unselfishness and self-denial. Yet undismayed she struggled on, ever striving, sometimes winning—often losing. She did not once turn back to seek her lost garden, indeed she had no wish to find it, for she had learned to live..

One day the Ruler, grown to be a bent old man, found her in the hut where she dwelt. He had sought her far and wide, and now, rejoicing, he would lead her back to his castle and the garden which he had re-built. "There shalt thou dwell forever 'mid thy roses, far from the hardships and sorrows of the warring world which hath used thee so harshly," he promised. But though the Princess still caressed him tenderly, she shook her head, and smiled a little sadly.

"No, father," she said, "I cannot go with thee. The walls about my garden have crumbled forever, and never again can they shut me from the work the world is calling me to do."

—Elizabeth Mary Calkins, '18.

Daily Clippings from the Freshmen

......

"It was a neat, prim, little garden, with a wide path running down the middle"—something one would scarcely expect to find in the very heart of a great city. Yet there it lay, with the morning sunlight flashing down on it from between the buildings which surrounded it, and sparkling on the holly-hocks which nodded across the mossy brick walls. In the center of a smooth lot of grass was a small round pool in which four gold-fish darted like fiery arrows. Beside the pool was a stiff sundial, with a pink rose climbing over it. The air was filled with the mingled odors of the wisteria which trailed over the wall, and the pansies and mignonette which grew below it. The sounds of the city could be dimly heard, but in the little garden all was peace and sunshine.

I had sprained my ankle and was obliged to spend the balmy June day in a steamer chair on the vine-covered porch. I had been watching the workmen who were digging the foundations for a new house across the street, and it was with a real sense of irritation that I heard the noon whistle blow. I was preparing myself for a dull, lonely hour, when I saw that one of the men had brought his lunch under the shade of a near-by tree, and had seated himself beside his wheelbarrow in such a position that I could watch him quite unobserved. He was a man of about forty, tall and strongly built, though somewhat bent with years of toil. He had a pair of steady blue eyes, a broad forehead and a straight nose. His mouth was large, and marked in the corners with patient lines; his chin decided, but not prominent. He wore a pair of soiled, blue overalls and a shirt of the same color, the neck and sleeves of which were open, displaying his coarse red-flannel undershirt. He ate slowly, pausing occasionally while munching his bread and cheese, to draw the back of his hands across his lips, or to gaze solemnly at his wheelbarrow, which he seemed to regard almost with affection. His left hand lay palm upwards in his lap. It was hard and calloused, and the nails were blackened and split; yet the very crudeness and simpility of this patient workman gave me a curious feeling of satisfaction.

It was a wet November day. The rain rattled briskly on my rubber hat and trickled down my neck. It splashed in the small pools which had gathered in the bottom of my little skiff, and whirled in eddies round my feet. For half an hour I had trailed a family of ducks down the river, and now found my progress arrested by a bit of marsh. In vain I scanned the water for a glimpse of my feathered friends, and finally, giving up the search, leaned pensively on my oars, regarding the scene before me. Directly ahead lay a considerable expanse of water, broken here and there by

tufts of reeds and bordered by a fringe of rushes, intermingled with "cattails." Some fifty yards from my boat a lonely crane, standing on one long leg, appeared to be listening attentively to a musical chorus of bullfrogs singing somewhere in the rushes. All remained quiet until a wild goose, evidently alarmed by my intrusion, flapped noisily from a tuft of reeds, and a second later, with a desolate cry, was lost in the gray mist, Depressed by the loneliness of the place I turned my little boat and rowed slowly up the river.

The Lord of Vaca Valley.

Before his castle, built of clay, Did Manuel Vaca stand; And saw before him, far and near, Naught save his own vast land.

Below him lay the valley floor,
A field of waving grain,
And just beyond, his lowing herds
Grazed on the fertile plain.

Alone, supreme o'er his domain,
A lord of lordly fame,
He ruled o'er all that came his way,
A king in all but name.

Along the winding road there came Strange men from foreign land; Don Vaca rose, and gallantly Held forth the welcoming hand.

He bade them rest, and gave them food, These men of foreign birth, And heard, with many puzzled looks,

Their songs of ribald mirth.

They stayed a week, they stayed a month,
They stayed at least a year,
And in his heart the Spanish lord
Felt a dull chill of fear.

They brought him a parchment white,
With letters strange and dark,
And asked him, in a jesting way,
To put on it his mark.

They crav'd a little land, they said,
And wide would spread his fame,
Gold should be his; a town should rise
That e'er should bear his name.

With courtly smile his mark he made, And took their paltry gold. They rode away; alas, he learned They'd stolen wealth untold.

They asked him for a little land,
A fraction of his hoard.
They left a penniless old man,

Where'd lived a Spanish lord.

The Legend of Genewasee.

The blackened gloom settled down on the great pine forest in which we were camped. The cheery fire fanned by the gentle breeze which rocked the tree tops, snapped and crackled sending its pitchy odors into the cool night air, as we sat contentedly by the blaze watching the fantastical shapes form and fade away on the near-by trees. The sudden scream of a panther caused the lithe buckskinned form of my Indian companion to stiffen, while he drew his long rifle a little closer to his side. Then, before I could even reach for my rifle, a report rang out at my side and the two green balls of fire faded almost upon the instant when I saw them appear. Silently we arose and gathering some brands from the fire went over and brought in our prize, which was a fine type of the Rocky Mountain panther. His glossy black fur glistened as he lay stretched at full length, with his great claws relaxed in death. He was surely a magnificent specimen.

It was while we sat by the dead form of the panther, silently regarding one another, that the Indian's face relaxed and he muttered softly to himself. Then, as if awakening from a dream he turned to me and slowly began this tale:

"Many moons ago this pine forest was the hunting ground of my fathers. Here my peoeple lived in peace, unmolested by the white man. In those days this country was the home of Genewasee, the first and most dreaded of all panthers, the terror of the forest. Not far from this place is the cave which was his lair. The panther that I killed tonight must be his brother.

"When my father's tribe first hunted in this forest many braves died by the claws of that bold panther. Not the boldest man in all the country could draw his bow when met by that dreaded monster. All the cunning and magic of the tribes around could not slay this intruder. They would surely perish for want of food in the winter, as the game was leaving for safer places. The big chief of the nations held a council of all the tribes that they might hunt this outlaw and slay him. All the tribes were to send twenty braves on the morrow to meet at the big chief's lodge.

"The next morning while darkness still lay upon the mountain, just before the twitter of the birds and the gentle morning breeze disturbed the stillness, the braves began to arrive. By the time darkness had lifted, all the tribes had arrived but that of my father, and soon their footfalls were heard on the inward trail. They came into the camp, but in their wake there trailed a stranger.. He was not of the seven nations, but a white man. Across his arm he carried a long hollow piece of metal, one end of which was covered with wood and wound with deer thongs. He showed the chief his fire stick, who told him by signs that he should follow the

braves into the forest; and he silently obeyed. Straight to the den of Genewasee, the chief led the stranger and pointed to the entrance which lies not far from here in those tall bushes. The white man looked with great precaution to be sure the hole was not empty; then gathering wood he built a fire so that the wind would blow the smoke into the opening. Posting himself above with the fire stick he waited for the panther to come out.

"The Indians all stood around trembling, when they heard a screaming growl; then a gray shape appeared followed by an awful boom, and Genewasee lay writhing in his death agony. The tribes all rejoiced and gave the white man many furs with which he departed, never to return again to the red men, who it is said still tell the story of their deliverance from 'Genewasee, the Terrible,' whose den I will show you in the morning."

—Dewey Neel, '18.

The Awakening.

In that far-off and famous era of chivalry and knight-errantry when wandering knights sought adventures far and wide throughout the land, there lived two brothers, Uther and Taulard, both of the same age, whom no man could tell apart. Many were the brave and chivalrous deeds of Taulard, who was a deeply religious and truthful man. But Uther, who cared nothing for the sign of the cross, and had no faith in God, although as strong as his brother, was never successful in any jousts or tourneys, and his acts of kindness, if there were any, were never heard of But strange to say, Uther bore a great love for his twin brother, and they were never known to part. One day, however, Taulard said, "It would be far better if you and I would part, fair brother, and seek adventure separately, and probably when we meet again you will be a holy man and faithful."

"No, brother, I think that will never be, for I see no use in such a faith, but as you wish it, we will part and tomorrow at the break of day be gone."

The morning was harmonious with their hearts, for both were light and cheerful as they left, one taking the road to the east and one to the west.

Taulard rode for two whole days and nights, but met with no adventure. But Uther rode only until noon when he saw before him two knaves, who, maddened with wine, were fighting over a jeweled scabbard which was lying on the grassy slope beside them. Filled with disgust, Uther rode up close and watched them. Seeing that neither was fit to have the piece of armor and thinking it was but stolen property, also tempted by its dazzling beauty, he stopped and picked it up. Aware that they were being watched the two men turned and faced the tall knight, who slowly placed his own sword within the disputed scabbard and rode away. The two, now fairly sobered, went scurrying over the slope to the castle of their Lord, and reported the theft of his beloved ornament, which they had been sent

to have cleaned, but which each had intended to sell and thereby buy his freedom; thus resulting in their quarrel.

Turning to the hardier of the two serfs, the angry lord exclaimed, "Worthless knave, put on yonder armor and show me the knight who dared do such a deed."

The slave, overcome with fear, pointed to the road that led to the west and rode swiftly onward, followed by his lord. They rode along in silence until darkness, but still Uther was not found. The next day they traveled again and finally arrived at the doors of an old monastery. There tied to a stump nearby, stood a white horse.

"Perchance this is our knight, who seeks to ask forgiveness for his sins," said the baron, "and although he might have rid himself of my scabbard, you know his face, so all is well."

They waited until presently a knight appeared, as if in deep thought, and walked up to the horse. "That's the thief," whispered the knave, and before the knight had a chance to turn, Taulard and not Uther was seized and bound, and carried back to the pavilion of the mighty lord, where he was cast into prison to await his sentence, which would be death.

Meanwhile Uther pursued his way, but met with no adventure and on the night of the fifth day, finding no inn or place where he could rest, slept on a bed of leaves in the woods. While he slept an angel appeared to him and taking his hand said: "If you love your brother, come, follow me, for he is in great trouble, owing to your folly, and I bid thee have faith in Him that wills it, and all will be well."

Uther awoke and found that it was daybreak and he was deeply perplexed and moved by what he had dreamed, and for the first time in his life he raised his eyes to Heaven and said: "If what I dreamed be true and if there be a God, grant me speed to my brother's side ere it be too late." He then spurred his horse and took the eastern road and about sundown reached the cloister which his brother had visited a day or so before. Inquiring of the monks therein, he learned all the facts concerning his brother's capture and his place of confinement.

At daybreak of the next day he came to the pavilion of the baron and dismounting knocked long and loud at the door, which was opened by an old man.

"Show me to the prison at once or I will strike you dead, and mind you make no sound," he said, and the old servant took him down the long, steep stairs where the brother was. But before they could greet each other the lord and master of the house burst open the door and asked the meaning of the second knight's presence, although he did not know them apart.

"I came but to give myself up as the one who took your scabbard," answered Uther, and handing it to him he explained how he came by it.

"Nevertheless, you shall die," said the baron.

"Oh, good Sir Lord, let me die in his stead, for I am prepared and he is not, and is still so young," cried Taulard.

"Ah, but brother, I care not if I die, for I know now that I believe in Him, the All Powerful."

"That is enough, I am a holy man, and you both are freed, for I have not the heart to harm two such true knights," said the baron, and with this he opened the door and they both stepped out into the early morning sun, never to part again; but united, they resolved to do great deeds in the name of Him in whom they both believed.

-Ruth Fotheringham, '16.

Mehetable Anne and "Pa" Smithers.

A "Chris'mus" Story.

"Mehetable Anne, what are you doing?" inquired Mrs. Trent, a matron of the West Gate Orphanage, as she leaned from a window.

Hetty Anne, aged five, standing on a small graveled space below, tossed a red head, and threw a pebble over the wall.

"Throwin' th' gravul walk ovur th' wall," she replied.

An unwilling smile hovered for an instant around Mrs. Trent's grim mouth. "Well, you'd better go do something more useful than that," she snapped, banging down the window. Hetty made no reply.

An hour later, Mrs. Trent, peering from above, observed Hetty tossing the last stone of the gravel plot "ovur th' wall." "You little imp!" exclaimed the matron, "who'd ever have believed you'd have done it! It's simply the last straw. I've stood enough of you!"

The next day Hetty was informed that she was to be sent to a "place for bad children," in another town.

"But day aftur ter-morrer 'ull be Chris'mus," objected Hetty Anne.

"Bad girls can't have Christmas presents, because God hates them," replied the matron.

"Well, said Hetty Anne, very slowly, to hide a trembling lip, "I should bibbur!"

Next afternoon Hetty, in charge of Lizzie, an older girl, was hustled off to the train.

When the train stopped at Capto Junction, Lizzie got out to see a friend at the station, forgot to return, and was left behind when the train resumed its journey.

Far from being alarmed at finding herself deserted, Hetty felt much better, and straight way began an inspection of her fellow passengers. Across the aisle were two elderly dames, who eyed her suspiciously. Behind them was a youth of pasty complexion, devouring peppermints. In front of Hetty dozed an old gentleman with a gold-headed cane. It was not until Hetty turned and peered between the seat and the wall that she espied

an object of interest. This object was old "Pa" Smithers, coming home from San Francisco, with a bundle of "Chris'mus fixin's" for his six boys.

Hetty Anne peered over at "Pa." "Pa" winked. Hetty disappeared —for a second. Then she popped up again.

"I luv orunges," she volunteered, eyeing a bulging bag.

Silent and grinning, "Pa" offered her the largest.

"Where you from?" he inquired, finally.

"Dunno, I'm a n'orphan—God hates me," asserted Hetty.

"All alone?"

"Dunno."

"How ole be yuh?"

"Dunno!" said Hetty conclusively, buried to the nose in her orange. Then:

"Don't y' smell pep'mint?" she inquired shrilly, eyeing the young man across the aisle.

"We-e-ll," said "Pa," very cautiously, "I-dunno."

"'Sgettin' durk," said Hetty tremuously, "hev you eny litturl gurl?"

"Uh-uh, six little boys," said "Pa," glancing admiringly at her red curls. Very slowly Hetty spilled over into "Pa's" lap; her lashes lowered.

"Where y' goin', honey?" whispered "Pa."

"Dunno. Say! six litturl boys otter hev a litturl sistur fer a Chris'mus presunt," cried Hetty, all aglow.

"By gum! they'll hev un', too, ef ole "Pa" hez a say!"

Up bounced Hetty, the light of conviction in her eyes:

"God, he don't hate me no more!" declared Mehetable Anne.

E. C.

McGraf.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Everyone was wishing someone else a joyful holiday, but none stopped to whisper the cheerful words in the poor pencil-peddler's ear. The snow covered the ground and the man was barefooted. He had his coat pinned up at the neck with a large safety pin, while his hat, almost devoid of crown, was pulled down over his half-frozen countenance. Usually McGraf, for this was the old man's name, left his post on Fifth avenue at five o'clock, but having had a poor day he had stayed.

"Pencil, sir?" he asked of an aged clergyman who was forcing his way up the street. The man stopped.

"Why don't you go home, my good man, and take care of that cold?" he asked.

"I hain't made but tin cints," was the reply.

"Here, take this and go," and he placed a half dollar in McGraf's hand.

McGraf pocketed the money and started up the street. He walked

a few blocks when presently he came upon a rather large building which was all lit up. The building covered an entire city block. On the windows were painted beautiful pictures, one of which especially took McGraf's eye. It was a picture of a man with a kind face holding a little lamb.

"Who's that there picture of?" he asked of a passer-by.

"Why, that's Jesus, the tender shepherd, caring for his children," was the reply..

"Do they ever tell about that there fellow in that building?" he asked. "They are always talking about him in there. Why don't you go in?" "Can't. Hain't got no money to spare."

"That doesn't matter. It's free."

So, after much thought, McGraf decided to enter. As he ascended the marble stairs he hear the choir singing:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, And I will give you rest—"

He stood for a long while in the vestibule debating whether or not to go any further, but finally he opened the door and went in.

He found himself in a large room which was filled with a soft, radiant light. Straight ahead of him was a cross, on either side of which candles were burning, and before which a man was kneeling asking this same Jesus to care for the poor. The room was filled with people who were likewise kneeling. Poor McGraf's knees began to tremble and he soon went behind one of the great pillars. When the man who had been kneeling before the cross arose, McGraf recognized in him the man who had given him the half dollar. He went over to one side of the pulpit and began to talk to the people on the meaning of the word "duty." One of the points he tried to bring out was:

"Do your duty, that is best, And leave unto the Lord the rest."

For many days McGraf pondered over this. What did it mean? Hereafter he was a regular visitor to the great church, hoping that some day the man would make clear the meaning of this passage.

It was a cold night in early March, and the congregation was quite small. On leaving the church the people noticed a little girl sitting on the steps. Her baby face was blue with the cold and great tears stood in her pale blue eyes. Everyone noticed her and pitied her, but none stopped to help her. McGraf was last to come out.

"What's yer troubles?" he asked of the weeping child.

"My mother left me here (sob) and said not to budge. She hain't got enough money (sob) to take care of me (sob), but she said maybe somebody else had."

McGraf felt in his pockets. All he had was fifteen cents.

"Want'ta come with me?" he asked.

He took the child to his hut and gave her something to eat. Then

he put her in his own bed, while he rolled himself up in a number of sacks and slept on the floor..

During the night Bess, for that was her name, cried almost constantly. By the fourth day she was so sick that she did not recognize McGraf. He went for the city physician, but when they returned the child was dead.

That night as McGraf sat gazing at the little figure on the bed, one comforting thought came to him. He had held out his hands to a helpless child, and God would do the rest..

—Lillian Weldon, '18.



SONNET TO THE DAISY



Oh, why dost thou thy sweet and lovely face Hold to the bright and shining sun,
That through the heavens each day his course does run And yet do smile in everlasting grace?
Or when the winds and rains in eager chase Race o'er the hills and vales in joyous fun
In your bright face we see the hidden sun
Which smiles on all and sheds about sweet grace.
Oh, tiny flower! Oh, daisy, dear, you cheer
All passers by with your sweet look of joy
And fill all hearts with hope and self content.
For though alone upon the mead, you fear
Nothing, but rather with the storms enjoy
A frolic wild and free, and are content.

-Helena Schmidt, '15.

In Memoriam

BEULAH ATTKISSON PYLE

CLASS OF 1902 1884-1914

GERSTA ALLEN

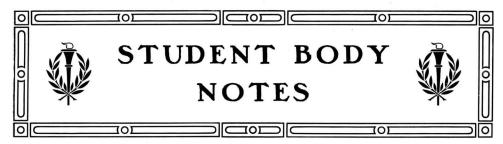
CLASS OF 1912 1891-1914

MABEL E. PESTER

CLASS OF 1917 1896-1915

VELMA M. EDDY

1897-1915



Wherever a number of people come together for some purpose the experience of ages has taught that ever so much more may be accomplished by working together than by single effort. And so in high school, where we have come to receive preparation for our future occupations, not the least part consists in learning to successfully co-operate with our fellow-students. An organized student body, in the life of the student, seems to be the best means of conveying this idea of co-operation. Not only that, but it presents more numerous and better opportunities for that other essential, "good times," than unorganized efforts do.

We regret that former attempts to establish a student organization have not been permanently successful, but being optimists, we believe that the present Associated Students of the Vacaville High School will exist for years and years. Present indications tend to confirm this belief.

At the beginning of the fall semester a constitutional committee composed of representatives from each class and the faculty was appointed by Mr. Stoddard. After several meetings this committee presented what it believed to be a practical working constitution to the assembly. It was adopted with some minor amendments. It provided that the organization shall be known as the Associated Students of the Vacaville High School; that all members of the student body and faculty may become members by subscribing to the constitution and paying the semi-annual dues; and that regular meetings shall be held on the second Tuesday evening and the fourth Tuesday afternoon of each school month. It is also provided that the various school activities—Music, Parliamentary Law, Literary, "The Ulatis," Girls' Athletics and Boys' Athletics—should organize as sections subordinate to the Association and that the first three named shall jointly furnish the programs for the evening meetings.

The chairmen of these sections, with the regular officers of the Association, form the Executive Board, which meets weekly and by which all matters—financial, etc.—that need not be brought before the Association, are discussed and decided. The Board is required to make monthly reports to the Association.

Although the organization has had a successful year, we realize that experience is a good teacher and that time is needed to build up a perfect

and smooth-running organization. Those of us who are leaving at the close of this school year look forward to the successful activities of the next few years.

LITERARY NOTES

......

"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."—Carlyle.

When the A. S. V. H. S. was organized, one of the departments provided for in the constitution was a literary department, to be under the direction of the English teacher, Miss Myrtle Helmer. Its purpose is to teach us greater appreciation of literature; to give us more cultural knowledge; to help us in our oral expression; and to make us familiar with the best of modern dramatists, poets and novelists.

The first few meetings which were held every other Monday at three o'clock in the English room, consisted of lectures by Miss Helmer. Talks on books worth while, on the drama and on modern writers were given. In addition to these a list of books for summer and leisure reading was given us that we might at all times be able to read commendable and elevating books. Miss Helmer also gave lectures on the prominent actors and actresses and the work and purpose of the stage and the theatre. An attempt was made to study modern writers, giving the facts and anecdotes about their lives, supplemented by readings of their choicest poems and reviews of their bests tories. Among the writers studied were Kipling, Riley and Field.

Riley's child poems were cleverly impersonated by different members. Kipling's and Field's poems were also excellently worked out. Some of the most entertaining and interesting numbers given were "The Raggedy Man" and "Our Hired Girl" by Maude Davis; "Almost Beyond Endurance" and "When the Frost Is on the Punkin" by Dudley Mitchell; "Knee Deep in June" and "The Recessional" by Annie Stevenson; "Danny Devers" by Helena Schmidt; Review of and Selections from Short Stories by Riley—Elizabeth Calkins; Reviews of Riley's Work—Gertrude Adsit; "Little Boy Blue" and other poems by Field were intelligently read by various members of the organization. Everyone of these programs was supplemented by apropos remarks by the presiding chairman; and this together with the impromptu talks by others of the society not on the program, made the meetings instructive as well as entertaining. Besides having our own private meetings, we contributed many numbers to the public meetings of the A. S. V. H. S.

Although this department has not done all that it has wished to do, we hope to grow and prosper in the coming year. Our aim for the next term will be to reach more people, to be an open organization not only for edification, but also for the enjoyment of all who wish to co-operate with

us; and we sincerely hope that many of the citizens of Vacaville will feel interested enough to become honorary members of our society.

All of the members feel that the time has been well spent and wish to express our sincerest appreciation for the untiring efforts and co-operation of our director, Miss Helmer.

Elena Waggoner, '15.

THE MUSIC SECTION

"The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treason, strategems and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And his affections dark as Erebus. Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music."

-"The Merchant of Venice."

The Music Section was organized at the beginning of the school year, with twenty members. Meetings were held once a week, consisting of half hours of song practice.

In February the section revived the custom of singing and twice a week was given over to this. Under the capable direction of Miss Jewett the school has taken up part-singing and enjoyed it with enthusiasm. Since its organization it has contributed many enjoyable numbers to the evening meetings of the Associated Student Body.

The boys and girls sincerely hope that the study of music in the ensuing years will lead to the establishment of a Glee Club, so that the halls of the High School will ring with the joyousness of their mirth.

—Jessie Coulter, '15.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW NOTES

When the Student Body was organized last September, Clemmic January was elected chairman of the Parliamentary Law Section for the first semester. She called a meeting of this section soon afterwards and Pearl Hinman was elected permanent secretary. Nothing much was done the first semester, except that a few meetings were held, where active Parliamentary practice was held, Miss Campbell acting as referee.

For the second semester, Ruth Fotheringham was elected chairman and she called a meeting in a few days, Alma Nelson being elected permanent secretary and by-laws being passed providing that the section would meet every other Thursday. Miss Campbell was again appointed referee and very kindly agreed to help the section by explaining a new phase of

parliamentary rules at each meeting. The section profited much by these suggestions. During this semester this section gave several interesting numbers to the evening program, contributing the whole program at one meeting.

—M. C., '16.



OLD ROCKY

** **

How often have I climbed thy rugged height, How often spent the twilight hour with thee, And found a comfort in thy mystery, Forgot life's sorrow in thy solemn might!

How often watched the curtain of the night Sink down, enshroud the earth so silently, And starry vessels in that heavenly sea Pursue their course and bathe the earth in light.

O rocky mount! thou inspiration true! When life seems bitter and the day is long, Those solemn hours with thee I shall recall, And so forget the cypress and the rue, Atune with Heav'n my heart shall voice its song And sing with thee that "God is over all."

-E. V. W.



A P

JUNIOR

The following notes were rescued from the garbage can a few months ago by Mr. Paul Burk, and it is to him that we are indebted for this valuable piece of work, in the form of the "Junior Notes." All wishing to see the original copy may do so upon application to the department of ancient reliques at the Vacaville Library. The following is an extract:

"The Junior Class, consisting of some fifteen strong, made its third attack upon the V. H. S. August 17, 1914, under the command of General Rickenstaff, otherwise known among his select friends as the Honorable Eugene Williams. The attack was successful and the Juniors, charging in one body up the stairway, gained admission, thus forcing the retreat of the Freshmen to the west end of the hall, and took possession of Miss Campbell's room without resistance. In order that the Juniors might carry out successfully the long siege of ten months, they held an election of officers in Mr. Stoddard's room. The results were as follows:

Senorita Davis was elected President of the Federation, Cyarevna Hinman Vice President, Count Von Dobbinovitch Treasurer and January John Corresponding Secretary. The various meetings of the Junior Class have shown the society to be in very good condition. The last report of Treasurer Von Dobbinovitch shows the society to be in possession of some million dollars cash, with money coming in every day, and enough food on hand to last until the end of the siege, especially an abundance of potatoes. The latest report of Secretary John January shows that the great countries of the world are willing to recognize the Juniors as a world power as soon as they have attained one more stronghold, viz., that held at present by the Seniors.

Nothing of great importance happened during the remainder of the semester, but occasionally a loud report was heard from the laboratory, which showed that Professor Pat-tin had invented some new chemical of warfare, while various sundry irrevelant remarks about English History, English, German, Spanish and Latin, showed that the Juniors did not expect to carry on warfare with countries about which they knew nothing, but that they were advancing, gradually mastering McPherson and Henderson, E. P. Cheney, Miss Helmer, Bagster and Collins and Harrison.

As the Juniors had worked hard all year, throwing up fortifications

and digging trenches, and as the common saying is, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," it was universally declared that they should have a good time. A class meeting was held January 27, 1915, to make arrangements for this grand affair. They decided it should take place at Monsieur Killingsworth's, provided the girls would furnish refreshments, which they gladly consented to do. The event, which was one of the many (?) social events of the year held by the Junior Class, was a great success, owing to the fact that the enemy was not causing much trouble, though there was a rumor that the Seniors intended to make a raid on the Juniors, but owing to the fact that Germany is involved in war at present it was impossible for them to get ammunition, so the attack was delayed. The evening was spent at cards, with an occasional drink (?) as is the custom among army officers. It was declared an enjoyable evening by all those in attendance.

Most of the other events of the year were of a military, rather than a social, character, some little trouble arising between Miss Helmer and the Juniors from the disputed claim of Hanson and the fact that several books belonging to the Juniors, sailing under neutral flags, had gone down with all on board to Davy Jones' locker (the furnace). Several French airships were sighted off Point Soph., in the district of Miss Helmer's room, Friday, April 30, about dusk. They did little damage, except for the fact that the electric fan was found running Saturday morning. The school electrician stated that it was probably due to bad connection of the wireless on the French aviators' machines.

Henceforth the Juniors will not be held responsible for happenings around the school, in the form of torpedoed books or any other goods, for since they are a warring nation at present, they are apt to seize any contraband goods and declare it their own. The Juniors have so far been on the defensive, but since moving into a new position, namely Fort Senior, they desire to issue an ultimatum to all teachers and underclassmen, that their attitude from now on is to be "offensive," so just a little warning to all those concerned: "BEWARE!"

-Palmerosky, Junior War Correspondent.

SOPHOMORE

Did you say, remarkable class? Well, rather! Why, we have been 'noted" all thru our high school life. If you do not believe us just answer a few of these questions: Who won the inter-class meet?—Sophs of course! Who predominate over the Freshmen?—Sophs, of course! Who gave the Freshmen their first ducking?—Sophs, of course! Who made the Freshmen clean out the athletic room?—Sophs, of course! Well, we guess that's enough, isn't it? If it isn't, here's another: Who-er—Oh! well, here it is, Who always flunk?—Sophs, of course!

In the latter part of August, '13, we very proudly made our ascension

as Freshmen into the upper and unknown regions of that massive and towering edifice upon the hill. Our first few days were years! They were times of misery and disheartening oppression. We were downtrodden by the upper classmen and especially picked upon by the Sophomores. But now we have gotten our revenge!! We would be satisfied to the utmost, however, if we could only put it on those Juniors. Anyway we are grown up now and are Sophomores Why, when we graduated from the Freshman class we arose and soared as if we had just been released from earth and had a balloon attached to us. Some of us even "grew"!!

Our representatives in athletics have done their share to make the year a grand success. Our class meeting and election was held in the early part of the term. After a long struggle and much political campaigning Miss Rebecca Phillips was elected President. The election of a Secretary and Treasurer was then necessary. After much opposition—as this is a very honorable and remunerative office—Miss Pearl Oppliger was elected. Thinking that by this time we had an abundance of officers, we then adjourned to a sumptuous banquet prepared by the most prominent cater of San Francisco.

The year, as a whole, has been very successful. Those who have not flunked, have passed. Our social functions have been unparalleled in the history of the school. As entertainers we feel that we are incomparable.

Altho the year has been marked by many vicissitudes for our worthy class, we are still enough alive to sanction this autobiography of the class

of '17.

-W. E. R. Otten.

FRESHMAN

Wow! how Time has gone tearing along, right over our heads. Well, we're still alive, aren't we? We know an awful lot, now, and we've grown quite bold during the past months. Why! we don't even tremble any more when we hear the approaching footsteps of one of the illustrious "Upper Classmen." And we've quite forgotten how the gong sounded that first day—way back in the Stone Age, you know. On the whole, don't you think we've improved?

And now, having left our "Freshie" foot-prints "on the sands of time," we are about to depart. How lonely the halls will be next year without us! The rooms which formerly resounded with the hollow groans of Freshmen woe will know those sounds no more; next year it will be Sophomore groans. Well, don't forget us when we're gone.

On September fifteenth, nineteen fourteen, we timidly tripped into Mr. Stoddard's room at the close of school, and held our first election of officers. We chose the intellectual Elizabeth Calkins to act as our class president, and reliable Reuben Kunkel, Esq., as her assistant. The stately Lillian Weldon was elected secretary and the "airy-fairy" Annie Stevenson

treasurer. We have had quite a number of lively class meetings, and as a result our class symbol is the four-leaf clover and our colors purple and gold. The Freshmen Class has not passed into the Sophomore Class without accomplishing many wonderous deeds, for which we have received absolutely no credit. By the way, what class sold the most tickets for the Minstrel show, and what did they get? Who went to the picnic which was to be the reward?

We are still waiting for our invitations; maybe they have been delayed in the mail.

If we have been down-trodden by the "Upper Classmen" in the school activities, we were far from being behind in athletics, for it seemed as though the others looked to the "Freshies" to furnish a team to practice with, and even to fill the vacancies left by the Seniors of the year before. Although the V. H. S. basketball teams were not so successful as they had been the previous year, it was through no fault of the "Freshies," who played well their part, as targets for the hits and missthrows of the others. We were represented by Mabel Russ, Wanda Stitt, Gertrude Adsit, Carlton Hinman, George Sprague and Antone Damiano. When, however, the members of the "Class of '18" become Seniors, we expect to dominate the athletic field—champions of every game. Who dares to contradict?

The reception to the Freshmen by the noble Sophomores at the opening of the school term was the greatest "affair" in our school life. It was of course the affair of the season and was certainly enjoyed by all who attended, because at "that" time no one was so surfeited with society that he had become blase.

Looking over the past year, we can say with all sincerity that it has been a turning point in our career, and has made history in our lives. Moreover, we console ourselves with the knowledge that ours is a stage through which every High School pupil must pass, for—

All the school's a stage
And all the boys and girls are merely puppets;
They have their exes and their flunkings,
And one boy in his time plays many parts—
His acts being four ages. At first the Freshie,
Cringing and howling in his agony.
Then the whining Sophomore, with his satchel,
And scowling morning face, creeping like a snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then the Junior,
Sighing like a furnace, with cumbrous sonnet
Made at the midnight hour. Last stage of all,
Which ends this strange, eventful history,
The Senior, that of snobbishness and bombast,
Sans hope, sans wit, sans everything—but ennui.

-Lillian Weldon and Associates.

SOCIETY NOTES

A rousing good time was spent by the students and townsmen alike on the evening of October 22, 1914, in the form of an outdoor rally. It was the evening before the Dixon double-header and many speeches were made by enthusiasts of the town, faculty and students to encourage and rouse the spirits of teams and fans alike. War dances were carried on around the immense bonfire on the High School hill, and the yells of the warriors could be heard for miles around, mingled with songs for home teams and foes alike. The rally wound up with a serpentine dance through the town.

يو يو يو يو

On the evening of December 15, 1914, the basketball teams were especially honored by a dinner given them by their coach, Mr. E. V. Weller. The Faculty and the President of the Student Body were also present. The table, which was artistically arranged, was set in the commercial room of the High School.

The room was very prettily decorated, the table representing a miniature basketball court, and the clever favors and place cards deserved all the praise which they received.

After dinner everybody went to the Annex, where the regular evening meeting of the Student Body took place. The program dealt particularly with Shakespeare. Very interesting selections were read by Mr. Weller from "Midsummer's Night Dream" and other plays of Shakespeare. Slides of prominent Shakespearean actors were also shown. The program was concluded by two Shakespearean songs sung by Mrs. Rebekah Jewett, "I Know a Bank Where the Wild Thyme Grows" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark."

. s. s. s. s.

On the evening of September 11, 1914, the Freshmen made positively their first appearance in society at a reception given them by the class of 1917. The Annex was artistically decorated with autumn leaves, while the Sophomores were their brightest smiles to welcome the incoming class.

When one of the reception committee tip-toed into the hall for a few necessary preparations, what should he behold but the whole Freshman Class dressed in their newest and stiffest—but waiting. "It is an early bird that beats a Freshman." However, upperclassmen soon arrived and about 8:30 a very interesting program was rendered and enjoyed by all—all except the Freshies, for did not one of their worthy classmen contribute? They felt and suffered with him! It was thought that they would feel more at home when the delicious refreshments were served, but not so. They were terror stricken. "Oh! if they should spill something, or, worse than that, what if they used the wrong fork, but worst, to the last degree, was it right for them (mere Freshmen) to drink punch?" They managed very nicely, however, and after a few hours of "Ring around the rosie" they were taken home and safely tucked into bed.



The most successful event of the season was the Yama Yama party given by the Associated Students in the Eagle's hall, on Saturday evening, October 24, 1914.

The hall was beautifully decorated in the school colors, orange and black ribbon streamers being used. The majority of students entertained themselves by dancing. Another room was reserved for those who wished to take part in the various other amusements. We take it for granted that everyone had a most enjoyable time.



The evening meeting of February 25, 1915, was very well attended, considering the condition of the weather. The following program was given:

"Old Glory"

Assembly Talk of Bryan Peace Treaties

Alaskan Coal Fields

Helena Schmidt Parliamentary Law Practice

Helena Schmidt, presiding There's Music in the Air"

Assembly



An especially good program was given by the A. S. V. U. H. S. on Wednesday evening, March 24, 1915. Business was dispensed with and the following program rendered:

* * * * *

The German II class spent a most exciting month talking about the wonderful time they were going to have on some moonlight night, on the

THE ULATIS

top of Rocky. The purpose in going was for the advanced study of Romanticism. Puzzle: Did they ever go? Did they find a thermos bottle?

x x x x x

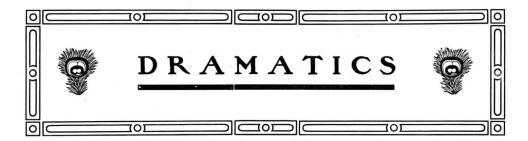
The regular meeting of the Student Body was held on the evening of April 27, 1915, the program was short but excellent:

y y y y y

Last, but not least, was the Junior party (select), Ahem! Douglas Killingsworth very kindly gave the use of his den, which was very beautifully decorated. The evening was spent in playing progressive whist, refreshments being served about 11:30. The Juniors all say that they had a glorious time.

-Ruth Fotheringham, '16.





With the aid of some of the High School students, and under the able supervision of Miss Myrtle Helmer and Miss Ruby Phillips, the Alumni Association presented to the public on the evening of May 13, 1915, "The Private Secretary," for the benefit of this edition of "The Ulatis." Many were the long and tedious rehearsals, but when, on that eventful evening, the house rang with applause which echoed and re-echoed through its innermost recesses, the efforts of the cast were amply rewarded.

"The Private Secretary" is a play of literary merit, and one that for amateurs is rather difficult, but so careful had been the preparation that no flaw was visible. Probably the most difficult part was that of the private secretary himself, but not once did Sinclair Dobbins, who played the part, waver. Time after time he "brought down the house" because of his interpretation of the part. He was not the only one, however, to receive laurels, for every part was most skilfully handled.

The cast was as follows:

Mr. Marsland, M. F. H	Mr. Lester Parker
Harry Marsland (his nephew)	
Mr. Cattermole	
Douglas Cattermole (his nephew)	
The Reverend Robert Spalding	The second secon
Mr. Sydney Gibson (tailor of Bond street).	
John (the butler)	
Knox (a writ server)	
Edith Marsland (daughter to Mr. Marsland)	
Eva Webster (her friend and companion)	
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' landlady)	
Miss Ashford	• •



CLASS OF '96

Marion Brazelton		ι
	Moine, Shasta County.	
Pearl Brazelton	Mrs. B. Moore, Willows.	
Gertrude Jewett .	Mrs. W. B. Greeley, Washington, D. C.	
Francis Freeman	MarshallAttorney-at-Law, Dixon.	

CLASS OF '97

Annie Brook	
Grace DuttonMrs. Holt, San Jose.	
Mary DuffTeaching at Broderick.	
Nessie FergusonMrs. George B. Burdick, San	Jose.
Frank Webster	7
George P. AkerlyMerchant, Vacaville.	
Agnes Dexter	

CLASS OF '98

Carl CrystalResiding in Vacaville.
Mason DerbyResiding in Berkeley.
Roy PinkhamInterested in fruit business, Los Angeles.
Oritta FergusonMrs. Monte Gates, Vacaville.
Robert C. GatesFruit buyer for California Fruit Canner's
Association Vacaville

CLASS OF '99

Mabel E. Marshall	.Deceased.
Annie Chubb	.Residing in Oakland.
Leila E. Gates	.Mrs. L. B. Smith, San Leandro.
Canona W. Hoyt	.Mrs. Ralph Platt, Vacaville.
Agnes Caughy	.Mrs. Ira Tiffin, San Luis Obispo.
James Koford	.Attorney, Oakland.
Henning Koford	.Physician, Oakland.
Edward Sullivan	.Wells-Fargo agent, Redding.

CLASS OF '00

Ora StatlerMrs.	D. O. Harrelson, San Francisco.
Effie BrazeltonMrs.	E. H. McMillan, Jr., Vacaville.
Alice WaggonerMrs.	
Mabelle D. Bush	

Antone Silvey William C. Wood California. CLASS OF '01 Mayme Price Bernice Chambers Walter Chandler Assistant Cashier, Bank of Vacaville. Helen Parker Helen Parker Helen Parker Holm M. Brazelton Clare Annette Bristol Clare Annette Bristol Mrs. L. W. Fish, Oakland. Fred W. Coleman Mrs. Edgar Barry, San Francisco. Olive Corinthe Godfrey Holm M. Brazelton Glive Corinthe Godfrey Mrs. Ned Allison, San Francisco. Holm M. Hoyt Salesman in Alameda County for William Cluff & Co., Wholesale Grocers of San Francisco and Berkeley. Tobias Dillon Kilkenny Lewis C. Marshall Rose Frances Pena Mrs. Leonard Coombs, Seattle. Maud Waggoner Kenneth Lemon Watson Working in San Francisco for & Andrews. Frank B. McKevitt, Jr Manager of the F. B. McKevitt Fruit Co., Vacaville. Joseph Sydney Koford Winnie Lois Page Mrs. Hondroy-At-Law, Oakland. Winnie Lois Page Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Note the Maklace Weir Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Note the Maklace Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Mrs. Cecil Dutton, Oakland. Mrs. Cecil Dutton, Oakland. Mrs. Cecil Dutton, Oakland.		
CLASS OF '01 Mayme Price	Antone Silvey	Commissioner of Secondary Schools for
Mayme Price Bernice Chambers Mrs. E. A. Peabody, Cannon Station. Walter Chandler Assistant Cashier, Bank of Vacaville. Helen Parker Mrs. Henry Finch, Cincinnati, Ohio. Roy Towson Dentist, Vacaville. CLASS OF '02 Jeanette W. Boyd John M. Brazelton Finoneer Stables, Vacaville. Clare Annette Bristol Mrs. I. W. Fish, Oakland. Fred W. Coleman Working for Traction Company, Stockton. Maud Ennor Mrs. Edgar Barry, San Francisco. Olive Corinthe Godfrey Mrs. Ned Allison, San Francisco. Edith Mary Harbison Residing at home, Vacaville. Jourdan W. Hoyt Salesman in Alameda County for William Cluff & Co., Wholesale Grocers of San Francisco and Berkeley. Tobias Dillon Kilkenny Lewis C. Marshall Dentist, Vacaville. Rose Frances Pena Mrs. Leonard Coombs, Seattle. Maud Waggoner Mrs. Fred Voll, Hollister. Kenneth Lemon Watson Working in San Francisco for & Andrews. Frank B. McKevitt, Jr. Manager of the F. B. McKevitt Fruit Co., Vacaville. Joseph Sydney Koford Attorney-at-Law, Oakland. Winnie Lois Page Mrs. Harry Frost, Lodi. Stephen Everett Gamble Sebastopol. Stephen Everett Gamble Sebastopol. Stephen Wallace Weir Drainage Expert in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Oakland. Paul Alfred Curtis CLASS OF '03 Hazel Hefflefinger Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Grace Derby Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Nettie Hawkins Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Mrs. Do. R. Patten, San Francisco. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Stewart Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville. Grammar School. Residing at home, near Vacaville.	G	
Jeanette W. Boyd John M. Brazelton Clare Annette Bristol Clare Annette Bristol Mrs. I. W. Fish, Oakland. Fred W. Coleman Maud Ennor Mrs. Edgar Barry, San Francisco. Olive Corinthe Godfrey Edith Mary Harbison Jourdan W. Hoyt Salesman in Alameda County for William Cluff & Co., Wholesale Grocers of San Francisco and Berkeley. Civil Engineer, Vallejo. Lewis C. Marshall Dentist, Vacaville. Rose Frances Pena Mrs. Leonard Coombs, Seattle. Maud Waggoner Mrs. Fred Voll, Hollister. Kenneth Lemon Watson Frank B. McKevitt, Jr. Manager of the F. B. McKevitt Fruit Co., Vacaville. Joseph Sydney Koford Mrs. Harry Frost, Lodi. Stephen Everett Gamble Stephen Wallace Weir Paul Alfred Curtis CLASS OF '03 Hazel Hefflefinger Grace Derby Alvin Weldon Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Frenk B. McKeingham Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, Oakland. Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Short story writer, Oakland. Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Ranching, Suisun CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Residing at home, near Vacaville. Residner Grace Derolation. CLASS OF '04	Mayme Price	Teaching, Calistoga. Mrs. E. A. Peabody, Cannon Station. Assistant Cashier, Bank of Vacaville. Mrs. Henry Finch, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Jeanette W. Boyd John M. Brazelton Fioneer Stables, Vacaville. Clare Annette Bristol Mrs. I. W. Fish, Oakland. Fred W. Coleman Working for Traction Company, Stockton. Maud Ennor Mrs. Edgar Barry, San Francisco. Olive Corinthe Godfrey Mrs. Ned Allison, San Francisco. Edith Mary Harbison Residing at home, Vacaville. Jourdan W. Hoyt Salesman in Alameda County for William Cluff & Co., Wholesale Grocers of San Francisco and Berkeley. Tobias Dillon Kilkenny Civil Engineer, Vallejo. Lewis C. Marshall Dentist, Vacaville. Rose Frances Pena Mrs. Leonard Coombs, Seattle. Maud Waggoner Mrs. Fred Voll, Hollister. Kenneth Lemon Watson Working in San Francisco for & Andrews. Frank B. McKevitt, Jr Manager of the F. B. McKevitt Fruit Co., Vacaville. Joseph Sydney Koford Attorney-at-Law, Oakland. Winnie Lois Page Mrs. Harry Frost, Lodi. Stephen Everett Gamble Sebastopol. Stephen Everett Gamble Sebastopol. Paul Alfred Curtis Drainage Expert in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Oakland. **CLASS OF '03** Hazel Hefflefinger Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Edmund Rogers Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Nettie Hawkins Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Short story writer, Oakland. Kittie Buckingham Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Albert Webber Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Stewart Ranching, Suisun. **CLASS OF '04** J. B. Sweany Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Iulia Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville.	•	
Maud Waggoner	Jeanette W. Boyd John M. Brazelton Clare Annette Bristol Fred W. Coleman Maud Ennor Olive Corinthe Godfrey Edith Mary Harbison Jourdan W. Hoyt Tobias Dillon Kilkenny Lewis C. Marshall	Fioneer Stables, Vacaville. Mrs. I. W. Fish, Oakland. Working for Traction Company, Stockton. Mrs. Edgar Barry, San Francisco. Mrs. Ned Allison, San Francisco. Residing at home, Vacaville. Salesman in Alameda County for William Cluff & Co., Wholesale Grocers of San Francisco and Berkeley. Civil Engineer, Vallejo. Dentist, Vacaville.
Vacaville. Joseph Sydney Koford Attorney-at-Law, Oakland. Winnie Lois Page Mrs. Harry Frost, Lodi. Stephen Everett Gamble Sebastopol. Stephen Wallace Weir Drainage Expert in U. S. Department of Agriculture, Oakland. Paul Alfred Curtis CLASS OF '03 Hazel Hefflefinger Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Grace Derby Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Edmund Rogers Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Nettie Hawkins Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Short story writer, Oakland. Kittie Buckingham Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Kittie Buckingham Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Albert Webber Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Stewart Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Inlia Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville.	Maud Waggoner	Mrs. Fred Voll, Hollister. Working in San Francisco for ——————————————————————————————————
Stephen Wallace Weir	Joseph Sydney Koford	Vacaville. Attorney-at-Law, Oakland.
CLASS OF '03 Hazel Hefflefinger Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Grace Derby Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Edmund Rogers Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Nettie Hawkins Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Short story writer, Oakland. Kittie Buckingham Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Albert Webber Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Stewart Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaville. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Iulia Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville.	Stephen Wallace Weir	Drainage Expert in U. S. Department of
Hazel Hefflefinger Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Grace Derby Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Edmund Rogers Berkeley. Alvin Weldon Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Nettie Hawkins Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. T. Hugh Buckingham Short story writer, Oakland. Kittie Buckingham Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Albert Webber Fresno. Frank Buck Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Frank Stewart Ranching, Suisun. CLASS OF '04 J. B. Sweany Rolla Gray Member of firm of Gray & Son, Vacaviile. Grace E. Malchi Teaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Iulia Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville.		ASS OF MA
J. B. Sweany	Hazel Hefflefinger Grace Derby Edmund Rogers Alvin Weldon Nettie Hawkins T. Hugh Buckingham Kittie Buckingham Albert Webber Frank Buck Frank Stewart	Mrs. Emmet Ream, Vacaville. Mrs. Ellis Wilson, St. Helena. Berkeley. Mining Engineer, Seward, Alaska. Mrs. D. R. Patten, San Francisco. Short story writer, Oakland. Mrs. Joseph Koford, Oakland. Fresno. Attorney-at-Law, San Francisco. Ranching, Suisun.
Rolla Gray		ASS OF '04
	Rolla Gray	Γeaching in the Vacaville Grammar School. Residing at home, near Vacaville.

Ethel Jones
Rose Hawkins
Nellie C. Keyme
CLASS OF '05
Laura Caldwell
CLASS OF '06
Ella V. Rippey
Minnie Waggoner Teaching in Vacaville Grammar School. Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb Deceased. Harriet Josephine Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville.
Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb
Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb Deceased. Harriet Josephine Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville. Palmer Holt Working in San Francisco for the Southern Pacific, in the drafting section of the Engineering Department. Linder D. Denton Attorney-at-Law, Isequah, Washington. Jane Burton Teaching in Center District. Mary Burton Teaching in Milzner District. Fidelia Hagerty Nursing, Adler Sanatorium, San Francisco. Genoveva McFarland Mrs. Edgar Johnson, San Jose. Willa M. Marshall Mrs. Walter Schaefer, Vacaville. Blanche Holt Mrs. Roy Parsons, Chico. Lola Edith Dunn Mrs. Lester Newton Dunn, Sunnyvale.
Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb Deceased. Harriet Josephine Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville. Palmer Holt Working in San Francisco for the Southern Pacific, in the drafting section of the Engineering Department. Linder D. Denton Attorney-at-Law, Isequah, Washington. Jane Burton Teaching in Center District. Mary Burton Teaching in Milzner District. Fidelia Hagerty Nursing, Adler Sanatorium, San Francisco. Genoveva McFarland Mrs. Edgar Johnson, San Jose. Willa M. Marshall Mrs. Walter Schaefer, Vacaville. Blanche Holt Mrs. Roy Parsons, Chico. Lola Edith Dunn Mrs. Lester Newton Dunn, Sunnyvale. CLASS OF '07
Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb
Charles Forrest Calligan Working for the Pacific Express Co., San Francisco. William Chubb Deceased. Harriet Josephine Harbison Residing at home, near Vacaville. Palmer Holt Working in San Francisco for the Southern Pacific, in the drafting section of the Engineering Department. Linder D. Denton Attorney-at-Law, Isequah, Washington. Jane Burton Teaching in Center District. Mary Burton Teaching in Milzner District. Fidelia Hagerty Nursing, Adler Sanatorium, San Francisco. Genoveva McFarland Mrs. Edgar Johnson, San Jose. Willa M. Marshall Mrs. Walter Schaefer, Vacaville. Blanche Holt Mrs. Roy Parsons, Chico. Lola Edith Dunn Mrs. Lester Newton Dunn, Sunnyvale. CLASS OF '07 Marion Weir Living at home, near Vacaville. Sadie Ann Watson Mrs. George Dwight Wood, Berkeley. Leona Upchurch Mrs. E. B. Jones, Seattle.

	Ansel G. McWiliams
	CLASS OF '08
	Maggie Waggoner Nursing, Berkeley. Mabel L. Lawrence Residing at home, in Lagoon Valley. Charlotte R. Cantelow Residing in Stockton. Rosalia C. Chandler Mrs. Marvin C. Hurt, Vacaville. Vera Grove Mrs. Eddie Cox, Vacaville. Lillian Pearl Fraser Teaching in Pena District, near Vacaville. Ola Fraser Teaching in Alamo District.
	CLASS OF '09
	Loraine Watson
	Charles H. Rogers
	Roland E. Hartley, Jr Traveling Abroad. Erma Montgomery Mrs. Thomas Wright, Benicia. Leonard W. Buck Studying Medicine at the Affiliated Colleges, San Francisco.
	May Ellen FarrellTeaching in Oakdale District.
	CLASS OF '10
	Marie DerbyMrs. Laurens Killingsworth, San Francisco.Mamie C. CoxTeaching in Brown's Valley.Frances Evah VestMrs. Thomas McCullough, Gridley.Marion WhiteMrs. Russell Chandler, Vacaville.
	CLASS OF '11
	Ruby Larose Teaching Grammar School, Stege. Pearl Larose Teaching, Richmond. Louise Krause At home, Vacaville. Hazel Duncan Working in Telephone office, Vacaville. Mabel Christopher Residing at home in Lagoon Valley. Nannie Lawrence Mrs. Clarence Burton, Vacaville. Edna March Mrs. Fred McCollough, Elmira. Elise Buckingham Stenographer, Oakland. Rhoda Buckingham Studying Domestic Science at home. A. Joe Keyes Attending U. C., Berkeley.
	CLASS OF '12
	Gersta Allen Deceased. Gladys Chambers Mrs. Homer Bolter, Vacaville. Helen Chandler Working in Telephone office, Vacaville. Caroline Couch Studying Music at San Jose Conservatory of Music.
×	Helen Harbison At home, near Vacaville. Abbie Lurvey Mrs. Asher, Oakland. Hazel Meyers Residing at home in Brown's Valley. Ruth Meyers Mrs. Howard Yatsie, Fairfield.

Mintie Perry	
CLASS OF '13	
James McCrory	
Ben Newell	
CLASS OF '14	
Jewell Dennis Living at home, Vacaville. Vera Denton Attending U. C.; living in Alameda. Ethel Miller Mrs. Harry Thomsen, Vacaville. Alma Nelson Taking Post Graduate course, High School Helen Jones Working in Telephone office, Vacaville. Ruby Phillips Northern Electric agent at Vacaville. Dorothy White Working in Telephone office, Vacaville. Gladys Hinman Attending U. C. Frank Hinman Working on the Ranch, Vacaville. Jeannette Rockwell At home, Vacaville. Clarence Davis Taking Post Graduate course, High School	

Commercial Department

CLASS OF '00 Lola Higuera
CLASS OF '01 Rolla Gray
CLASS OF '02 Beulah Attkisson Deceased. Fred Calligan Bookkeeper for Earl Fruit Co., Roseville. Oscar Price Attkisson Proprietor of Majestic Theatre, Concord. James Howard Rogers Ranching, Vacaville. James Henry Hardie
CLASS OF '03 Albert Newell
CLASS OF '05 Rupert Towson

Vacaville.

Laura Churchill
CLASS OF '06
Fillmore B. DuncanCarpenter, Vacaville.
CLASS OF '07
Wallace Hogue Henry J. Rogers Edna M. Owens Oliver Olson Joseph Libonati Bookkeeper for the Vacaville Fruit Co., Vacaville.
CLASS OF '08
Clotilde HigueraSan Francisco.
CLASS OF '12
Frank Gonsalves
CLASS OF '13
William Burton
CLASS OF '14
Jessie Rose





 $_{\kappa}$ eccecceccecceccecceccecccc $_{\kappa}$

Due to the fact that we edited an edition of the local paper last year, instead of publishing "The Ulatis," our exchange column is not very long this year. At least that is the reason we assign for not receiving more school papers than we have. We simply will not let ourselves believe that the different schools do not wish to keep up an exchange system with us. We invite and urge all schools to put us on their exchange list.

On account of the carelessness of a few non-responsible students several of our exchanges have been misplaced. We hope that the schools whose publications have been lost in this manner will forgive us this time and give us another chance.

w w w

"Wilmerding Life," San Francisco, Cal., March, 1915. A very neat and well-arranged book. Your policy of printing stories relating to the days of early California is excellent and the clever manner in which you boost your advertisers is certainly unique. However, a few more cuts would improve your journal. Come again.

ששש

"Far Darter," St. Helena, Cal. One of the best exchanges we have received. Your literary department is well arranged and of the highest quality, while your jokes are snappy and original. Would like to see more of you.

ששש

"Mezclah," Suisun, Cal. Your cuts are good. Do not like the size of your paper, nor the way in which you continue your stories. You bespeak of a lively school spirit. Call again.

w w w

"Oracle," Watkins, N. Y. Good for your size. A few more original cuts would add greatly to your improvement.

w w w

"Poppy," Winters, Cal. An excellent paper. Cuts good, material well arranged and literary department excellent. Hope to see you again.

w w w

"Chanticleer," Dixon, Cal. Your cover is excellent. A few cuts would help.

—John January, '16.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL NOTES

The Girls' Basketball Team of the High School was organized Friday afternoon, September 11th, at a meeting held at the high school. Miss Ruth Fotheringham was elected manager and Miss Alethea Attkisson captain. The girls began practice work at once to be in condition for the basketball season, which opened in October.

On Saturday night, October 3d, before a large crowd of Suisun rooters and local fans and fanettes the Armijo High School Girls' Basketball Team defeated the V. H. S. girls' team 16-14. The game was fast and hard-fought throughout, the outcome at no time being discernible. The score at the end of the second half was 14-14, but in playing off the tie the Armijo girls were victorious.

On October 23d the Girls' Basketball Team of Dixon High went down to defeat before the team of V. H. S. by a score of 16-18. The game was fast and hotly-contested and a marked feature was the absence of any crabbing or other unpleasantness. The rooting section of the high school gave a good account of itself. Gathered on the stage in the compact mass and wearing orange and black paper caps, they gave their yells with a vim.

LINE-UP.

Forwards—Fotheringham and Attkisson. Centers—Hinman and Russ. Guards—Schmidt and March.

The Girls' Team of the local high school went to Winters Friday, November 6th, and were defeated by a score of 11-10. The team was handicapped by the slippery floor and the loss of their star forwards.

On November 13th the girls journeyed to Dixon and were defeated by a score of 40-19. The game was fast and exciting throughout, the Vacaville girls putting up a plucky fight against their much heavier opponents. The referee, Mr. Seabright of the Berkeley Y. M. C. A., rendered

his decisions impartially and to the satisfaction of both teams.

LINE-UP. Forwards—Fotheringham and Schmidt.

Centers—Russ and Pester. Guards—Hinman and March.

* \$ * * *

The last game of high school basketball for the season was played Tuesday night, November 24th, before the largest groups of rooters the

Annex ever held. Winters was represented by about 165 people, who arrived by special train, and Elmira and Dixon residents were also in attendance. The rooting section of the Vacaville High took its accustomed place on the stage and the time that elapsed before the game was well spent in view of the fact that the hall was ringing with systematized noise until the blowing of the whistle.

Mr. Weller's good coaching was plainly in evidence in the improved work of the home team over that exhibited three weeks before at Winters.

The game was fast and hard-fought throughout. The teamwork of the Vacaville girls was excellent, but was generally obstructed by the zealous guarding of the Winters players, who were after the ball at all times, and the game was finally ended with the score of 13-9 in favor of Vacaville.

After the games the four teams were served with refreshments in the form of hot chocolate and what goes, with it.

-Lutie Stanford, '15.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

The athletic season of 1914 and 1915 has been remarkable, not so much for the number of victories gained, as for the possibilities developed in the way of new material, a fact which argues for the winning of many a cup in the future.

Handicapped from the opening of the basketball season by a lack of veteran material, Vacaville nevertheless made a game, uphill fight against heavy odds and succeeded in defeating Dixon and Esparto in both baseball and basketball.

The prospect for the future is very bright, as our new material is advancing rapidly under the careful guidance of Coach Weller.

TRACK

E. Christopher, Captain. Sinclair Dobbins, Manager.

As usual, not much interest was taken in track, and we had but one entry in the S. C. A. L.

BASKETBALL

Stanley Dobbins, Captain. John January, Manager.

Starting the basketball season with only two of last year's team on the line-up, we worked in new men at guard, forward and center. After some hard practice and much coaching, we succeeded in carrying away a good portion of the games played. Our greatest victory was over Dixon, the score being 30-20. The Dixon boys outweighed us, but our superior team work and the wonderful defense put up by our star guard, Charlie Burton, won the game for us. In the new men, Christopher, January, Sinclair Dobbins, Waggoner and Brazelton, we have players who will be able to defend the reputation of Vacaville High in the future.

Basketball team line-up:

Forwards— Centers— Guards—
E. Christopher E. Brazelton J. January
S. Dobbins C. Waggoner C. Burton

Sinclair Dobbins

Some new men that we have to pick from next year are G. Buckingham, A. Damiano, G. Sprague, C. Hinman, R. Kunkel, D. Killingsworth, E. Holcombe, J. Renie, J. Gonsalves, D. Mitchell and R. Schroder.

BASEBALL

J. Borges, Captain. Sinclair Dobbins, Manager.
Baseball being the favorite sport in the school, there were many

applicants for positions on the team. Having lost four or five of last year's veterans, we were practically all new men. We played four games during the season and won two of them. The best game played was with Esparto, at Vacaville, in which we succeeded in defeating our opponents to the tune of 9-3. Christopher was doing the hurling and was in great form, having the Esparto boys at his mercy at all times. Our other win was over the Preston Military Band, who had a very good team, but our boys were too fast for them and defeated them by the score of 13-7.

Baseball team line-up:

E. Brazelton, C. and CF. A. Damiano, C. and RF.

G. Sprague, C.

E. Christopher, P. and SS. Stanley Dobbins, P. and SS.

C. Waggoner, 1B.

J. January, 2B.

Sinclair Dobbins, 3B.

J. Borges, LF. E. Williams, CF.

E. Patten, CF.

J. Gonsalves, RF.

I. Renie, RF.

H. Dresser, RF.

We will have practically the same material next year and expect to develop a very strong team.



WEAK CONJUGATION

JOKEO

Principal Parts-Jokeo, jokere, giggle at us.

ANY OLD MOOD

ACTIVE VOICE

PASSIVE VOICE 2

PRESENT1

I jokeo You joke us He's a joke

We're a joke You're a joke They're a joke I am joked You're joked He's joked

We're joked You're joked They're joked

PAST3

Regular; An ancient form; ancient jokes are put in this tense.

PERFECT4

I should giggle You should giggle at us He should giggle at us

We should giggle You should giggle They should giggle I should have been giggled at You should have been giggled at He should have been giggled at

We should have been giggled at You should have been giggled at They should have been giggled at

PLUPERFECT

Lacking. Jokes in this tense having been omitted.

¹ Meaning that this is a free joke, 'jokum gratum'

² Used in speaking of the reader, from 'passivo,' meaning to suffer, possibly earlier form bosco, to eat, meaning when you eat a joke you may suffer.

³ Common form, probably related to the form 'paste,' as in "paste him in the head."

⁴ Used in regard to jokes that have been cracked in some ancient period and are still being cracked.



Here's the gentle Juanita Enero, A riddle as great as the Sphinx; Be sure that your eyes don't deceive you And think Juanita a minx.

Juanita, the charming Juanita,
The cutest, the sweetest, the best,
By your beauty, nuestra carita,
May all these gay nothings be blest.

Juanita, thy charms live forever; We dedicate all this to you; For sure, you're remarkably clever. Though never a "Sunbonnet Sue."

These little jokes, puns, etc., are most certainly not meant to hurt any one. And anybody who would become offended at these would become offended at nothing. That's just what I am guarding against. Get offended at nothing and you become offended at the editor. However, we wish to thank the pupils for so liberally aiding us in compiling this department—and sincerely hope that future editors will receive similar support.

HONEST CONFESSION.

Clemmie J.—"Say, Helena, you're good looking." Helena S.—"I wish I could return the compliment." Clemmie J.—"You could if you'd tell as big a lie as I did."

N. Alexander (to store clerk)—"O, I say, have you any ties to match my eyes?"

Clerk—"No, but we have some soft hats to match your head."

[The above pictures are of John January. This information is for the benefit of those who do not recognize him in his new role.]

"Babe" D.—"Barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?" Barber (glancing at him)—"O, about two years."

There is but one reason why Stanley couldn't run the quarter in 49 seconds—and that is, the distance was too great for the time.

A certain freshman complains to the editor that the girls are all after him and wishes to announce, "One at a time, ladies, plenty of me left, there are others." Please take notice.

On the scroll of heroes
Douglas' name enroll,
Of the gallant rescuer
This brave deed extol.

The chemistry lab in smoke and flames
The firemen gathered round
When Douglas shrieked, "There are two in there,
On the Chem lab floor they've swound."

"For sake of tender memories, Fair ones, I'll rescue thee, If this ash-heap should be your grave, What's the rest of life to me?"

Thru fiery room and hall he dashed, 'Mid cheers came fighting back; He'd saved sweet Ethyl Alcohol And Sal Ammoniac.

SENIOR WIT.

Miss C. (in U. S. History)—"The skirmish at Lexington wasn't a real battle was it?"

Clemmie J.—"No, they were just shot at."

Freshie—"Do you find a cookery book very interesting reading?" Senior—"Yes, because it contains so many thrilling incidents."

Tillie was trying to fill a bobbin on the machine when Miss Jewett came up.

Miss J.—"Where is the end of your thread, Tillie?" Tillie—"I broke it off."

There was a young man named Herr Weller, A dashing, poetic young feller;
When it came to a rhyme,
He was there all the time,
This jocund young feller named Weller.

Miss C. (in Senior History)—"Who was Florence Nightingale?" Mildred J. (very seriously)—"O, I know. She was a great singer."

RESOLUTION.

Be it hereby highly resolved, that we, the undersigned pupils, designated to remain after school, do hereby declare that it is not altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. Under the circumstances it is necessary that we be excused immediately after the close of school. We have now met in this class-room trying to decide whether this teacher, or any teacher so employed, can rightfully do this. The world will little note nor long remember what we do here, but we can never forget that we have stayed here. We do, therefore, petition you, the commercial teacher of the Vacaville High School, Vacaville, California, U. S. of America, that we the undersigned be excused from staying after school for such minor offenses.

Therefore, be it resolved, that a copy of this resolution be presented to the commercial teacher of the Vacaville High School, that he, the aforesaid teacher, may be thoroughly informed of the wishes of the undersigned.

Signed, EARL CHRISTOPHER, DEWEY NEEL.

If all flesh were grass, Harry would be a load of hay.

AN ACROSTIC

Seniors, sober seniors, Easy on the bluff Never in a hurry Innocent enough. O, you sober seniors, Redolent of fluff!

Juniors, jolly junior,
Under such a strain
Never time to worry
In such constant pain.
O, you're great at dancing,
Righteously insane.

Freshie, fickle Freshie,
Rollicking, but young,
Even sober Seniors
Such as you have sung.
Heaven bless thee, children,
Is upon my tongue.
Ever keep your freshness
Safe your toys among.

Soph, O Sophy Sophomore, O, so weak and lorn, Passing from thy childhood, Here's a Junior born!

Miss Twombley (in Geometry, drawing a figure on the board)—"Now, I want you all to look at my figure."

Miss T. (in Physics)—"Can you tell me what a vacuum is?" Henry D.—"I can't think now, but I have it in my head."

Jessie C. (playing the piano)—"Norman, I hear you are very fond of good music?"

Norman A.—"I am, but then, you needn't stop playing."

First Flea—"Been on a vacation?" Second Flea—"No, on a tramp."

Two Fair Seniors—"Hello, Mildred."
Mildred J.—Hello, come in."
Seniors—"No, we can't. Just came on business."
M. J.—"O, do you want to see Henry?"

Mary had a little lamb,
But now the poor thing's dead,
And every day it goes to school,
Between two hunks of bread.

George B. is no doubt a good joker. The other day Russell asked him where he got his fun. "I can manufacture it out of nothing," said George, "for instance I could make fun of you—if I wanted to."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

Miss Helmer (in Business English, Mr. White was visiting)—"What does protege mean, Vernon?" (A doubt in Vernon's eye.)

Miss Helmer—"What would it mean if I should say: 'I have a protege'? Vernon brightly replied: "Some one you go with."
Mr. White—"I should call that a steady."

1

SOPHOMORE DITTY

I wish I were a little rock
A lyin' on a hill
A doin' nothing all day long
But just a lyin' still.
I'd never sleep, I'd never eat,
I'd never even wash,
But just lie still and rest myself
A thousand years, by gosh.

NO JOKE.

So 'ere's to you, Mr. Weller, with your gran' poetic bent; You're a pore benighted rhymster, but a first-class teachin' gent, We gives you admiration for your voice an' hair an' eyes, An' for rousin', stirrin' teachin' you've no equal neath the skies.

STUPID!

Professor S. (in Assembly)—"The quartet will come to the school house and give a few selections Tuesday afternoon."

John J.—"How many are there?"

John Gonsalves (writing at the board)—"T-h-i-s d-o-s-e-n-t m-a-t-t-e-r."

Mr. W.—"Is that the way you spell 'doesn't'?"
John—"Oh, no." (He erases the 'e'.)
Mr. W.—"Worse than ever."
John—"Do you spell it 'd-o-s-a-n-t'?"
Mr. W.—"No!!"
John—"Oh, 1 know! It's 'dozent'!"

Sing a song of Seniors, Fresher every day, Talking every moment, Bluffing all the way. There's Schmitty and her poems, And Henry and his Glyde, And Marjy with her joshes, And then there's lots besides! There's Jessie S. and Jessie C. That like to ragtime play, And Hazel who to Sunday-school Would go most every day. Elena, who is grouchy When things are going wrong, And Kyrle and Mildred Johnson, Who to the lodge belong. And then there's Ruth who loves to go A-riding in a Ford, And Dot and Clem who like to dance, 11 not—they're awful bored. O, sure! we're going to miss you; We'll trust you now to Fate, But sure, we won't be gloomy When we can emigrate!

THE JUNIORS.

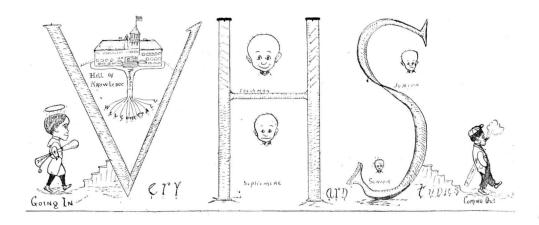
EXCHANGE.

Will exchange my 1's in Chemistry for decent 2's in English 3, or what have you. Mary Chase.

SOMETHING NEW.

Private lessons in pedestrianism. Easy terms. Dashes a specialty. Apply to H. E. T. or E. V. W.





QUESTIONS AS ANSWERED BY THE EDITORS.

What shall we do when we don't know our lesson?

Ans.—Start an argument; in German on romanticism, in physics on the stars, etc.

Why does Dudley Mitchell always walk on his toes?

Ans.—He imagines himself a bird; and a wise one keeps prepared for flight.

What is the chief accomplishment of the Seniors?

Ans.—Complaining.

Why is the Junior class so popular, the English class, especially?

Ans.—Because there are some good-looking (?) witty boys in the bunch.

Who wrote the Freshman notes?

Ans.—It isn't known definitely, but judging from the long words used, we have a hunch.

Hazel M. (at the Student Body election)—"Say, who is on the electrical board, anyway?"

"Heiney," called a father.

"Vot?" answered the son.

"Run und count dem geeses again, Heiney."

"All right!" Heiney went; Heiney returned.

"Heiney!" said the father.

"Vot?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geeses again, Heiney?"

"Chess."

"How many vas dey, Heiney?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Heiney."

Who was John Jay? Answered by a Freshman:

"John Jay was a blue bird of the United States who had his nest in the Senate."

HEARD IN SCIENCE CLASSES.

"Llanos, pampas and silvas come out of volcanoes."

"Rocks are made of different gases."

"Last night the stars were conspicuous, also the moon."

"A mustard plaster is used to draw out the information."

"Potassium cyanide is used to make the eyes bright."

"Concentrated hydrochloric acid is good for the digestion."

Former Chemistry student smelling odors of hydrogen sulphide from the laboratory—"Oh, I never could stand the smell of H²O!"

It is always wise to know the anecdotes of all poisons. Sometimes it is possible to save a person by an anecdote which, if taken alone, would be in itself a poison."

THE HIGH SCHOOL—FAMOUS AS AN INSTITUTION OF LEARNING

Mr. Norman Alexander, the famous globe-trotter, born in Scotland, educated in England in various schools and academies, who has traveled o'er land and sea, from American civilization to the darkest portions of Africa, being desirous of finding a school affording the highest points and finishing touches of an education, is now attending the Vacaville High School.

GENTLE HINTS.

Always walk on the right side of the hall; to do otherwise will hinder the traffic—(to the Freshies).

To gain the good will of the teachers bring flowers or induce them to go on a "hike."

When cutting periods don't walk on the cement; it makes too much noise—use the lawn.

Tip-toe about the physics "lab" during periods—remember you're the "man higher up."

CLEVER BUT CRUEL.

Mr. E. V. W. (in German 2)—"You have to imagine a great deal in this sort of work."

Marjory A.—"Then a person without an imagination can't appreciate this."

Mr. E. V. W.—"No, he couldn't appreciate it."

Marjory A. (sotto voice)—"That's me."

Mr. W.—"A person without an imagination has no intelligence whatsoever."

BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

(Editor's Note.—Although we have a "Dresser" we found it necessary to insert this bureau.)

For Sale—Any quantity of "Cotton." Bid quick! Several promising offers have been made. C. January.

For Sale—A large supply of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Made in the High School Laboratory and guaranteed to be pure. Write today for "My Experiences with H²O²"; 60-page booklet. Ruth Fotheringham.

For Sale—Credits in Latin, Algebra, or English. Apply to George Buckingham.

For Sale—A large stock of poetry; a heavy assortment accumulated during a quiet season. Elizabeth Calkins.

Hon. Edward Holcombe, Esq., has opened a school of oratory. Patronage solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Palmer wishes to announce that her Hair Grower and Beautifier is now ready for sale; 15c.

Wanted—A small library on Parliamentary rules. Brains in exchange. Eugene Williams.

NATURALLY.

Miss Twombley—"I wonder where the little birds stay when it rains so hard?"

Babe D.—"Why, they stay under the umbrella trees."

John, O, John, O, how gallant! Cavalierish Miscreant.

Wanda here And Wanda there, Wanda with her Everywhere.

Tillie saw and
Thought her great,
Couldn't ever
Concentrate.

John is fickle, He is arch, Now he'll after Mildred March.

John, O, John, An awful case, And now he'll after Mary Chase.

Sing, muse, the direful wrath of Peleus' son—
Who was he, anyway?
My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains my sense—
O, chuck the stuff away!
As if of hemlock I had drunk, you bet, old chap!
You're always getting gay!

Here's where old Homer throws a fit And hauls me in the fray.

And Johnny Keatses nightingale—
We've got to have more light—
I can't see what the poor fool means,
On hemlock getting tight!
Miss Helmer save we've got to learn

Miss Helmer says we've got to learn
The whole dod-rotted pome
And find out whether Homer had

A monumental dome, Or whether he just grabbed the stuff From other guys in Rome—

Or was it Greece? O, ic vice nikt!
I wished he'd stayed at home!
Forlorn, forlorn, you bet, ole boy!

We're sure forlorn enough, But why'd you want to rub it in

And shove on us the stuff?
O, well, I guess I'll flunk for sure,
My marks are pretty tough,

Or, maybe, I can ask her how —— Here's where I make the bluff! In the archives of the principal's office an old document has been found. It is entitled "Forum Satirizer" and bears the date 1897. Among the various jokes, conundrums, etc., contained, we find the Ten Commandments of the Vacaville Union High School. We realize that these have been broken many times lately, and believe this due to the ignorance on the part of the students of the existence of the said commandments. We will now publish them so that every one will be given an opportunity to read them and being fully informed will not break them in the future.

"Thou shalt not be late to school—for thy teacher is a mighty teacher and has infinite supplies of poetry to punish thee for a violation of this rule.

"Thou shalt not have fun within the walls of this building—for to report is one of the awful penalties pendant upon disobeying this commandment.

"Thou shalt not disturb the fluent flow of thy master's talk—for really he is sure to get and punishment is recurrent therefrom.

"Thou shalt not laugh—for a seat under the watchful eye of the teacher is one of the awful punishments with which thou shalt be brought before the avenger.

"Thou shalt not disfigure the walls of thy schoolroom—for a direful penalty unknown to all, except the all-comprehending and omnipotent eye of the master, will descend upon the heads of all those who dare to break this law—even to the third and fourth generation.

"Thou shalt not answer back—for if this rule is broken, a punishment invented on the spur of the moment will be meted out to you.

"Thou shalt not be late to Chemistry—for the doors will be locked and you will be forbidden to enter into the presence of thy scornful teacher until the next period and then only to be reprimanded.

"Thou shalt not knowingly, or otherwise, cast particles of paper or lunch upon the sacred ground, honored by the feet of the members of V. H. S.—for if thou doest the aforegoing act thou shalt forfeit as much time as the good master sees proper and just in retribution of this careless act."

1

The best joke yet—the Freshmen.

SELAH!

O, would that I another joke might make, So it would fill another page or two, But, though I've wracked my weary brainclean through, Another josh to find for thy dear sake, Ulatis, I can not a good one fake Or find another line. You'll have to do And if the 'emptor' reads you and doth rue—This 'caveat' absolves me—Here a break

Must come to make this thing a sonnet right—And, if you think it awful reading, try, Rebuild it for yourself, for I am done!
Joy wings him down upon this weary wight On this last Selah and this final sigh Rounds out the task—and now an end of fun You'd find this job was not an easy one!

Cheer Up!



THERE will be plenty of school supplies on hand when school commences again. Same care and attention given to the ordering of books as in the past.

If you need photograph supplies and developing and printing done during vacation—we are at your service. :: :: ::

Vacaville Drug Co.

J. M. Miller, Manager

Vacaville, :: :: California

GRADUATION GIFTS

For the Young Lady

Watches
Bracelets
LaValiers
Lockets
Rings



For the Young Man

Watches
Watch Charms
Watch Fobs
Cuff Links
Signet Rings
Set Rings

Broken Lenses Duplicated

T. L. HEWETT JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Vacaville, California

GO Coffman's

FOR

Latest Music

And All Kinds of Candies and Ice Creams

R. E. Baum

Jeweler

Headquarters for Everything in the Jewelry Line at Right Prices

Attkisson & Pardi

PHONE 531 ==

Choice Meats, Ham, Bacon and Lard

PRICES REASONABLE

Your Patronage Will Be Very Much Appreciated

Goldman's

"The house of Courtesy"

FOR

Styleplus \$17.00 Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN

Make the old home bright,
And the light bill light

With the Edison Mazda Light.

____ Vacaville ____

Water & Light Company

E. H. REAM

The BUSY

Auto in Connection

Gray & Son

"Groceries "

Main Street

Phone 711

Che Quality Cafe

R. A. Brooks, Prop



Commercial and Transient Trade Solicited

MAIN STREET :: VACAVILLE

F. BISSELL
Warkery Shoe

"FOR MEN WHO CARE"

MAIN STREET

VACAVILLE

R. SCHAEFER

Reliable Shoes for Every Member of the Family The
Home
of Hart
Schaffner
@ Marx
Clothes

Men and Women Know



HAT "Quality" is the essence of economical shoe buying and they readily recognize the necessary quality in White House Shoes. The quality of leathers, linings and trimmings—when compared with other shoes—readily convinces every purchaser as to their superior merits. Every pair made to fit.



G. A. ARNOLD

Crystal's

Everything to Wear for Men and Women



TO OUR PATRONS:
-A SQUARE DEAL

The Pioneer Store of Vacaville

Confectionery

Phonographs

Magazines



Edstrom's

Geo. P. Akerly

... General ... Merchandise



Phone Main 404

VACAVILLE :: CALIFORNIA

Bank of Vacaville

VACAVILLE, CAL. Commercial and Savings.

R. D. ROBBINS	President
G. W. CRYSTAL Vic	e President
EDW. FISHER	Cashier
W. W. CHANDLERAs	s't Cashier

4 per cent Interest Paid on Term Deposits

Savings Department, 4 per cent Interest.

Phone Main 4 P. O. Box X

The

A. B. C. COMPANY

Inc.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, VEGETABLES AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Jewelry, Watches, Glasses, Repairing

W. D. Winfield

Fardware

oo and oo Plumbing

Fishing Tackle, Guns and Ammunition

Uacaville Steam Laundry and Dry Cleaning Works



CLOTHES CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

F.B. CHANDLER Co.



VACAVILLE

ESPARTO

WINTERS

REPORTER PUBLISHING CO.

PRINTERS @ PUBLISHERS

VACAVILLE,

CALIFORNIA

Let us figure on your next order of Loose Leaf Ledger Leaves

